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MARSAN

A ROMANCE OF THE MIDI

BY

BURTON E STEVENSON

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CHAPTER I.

I Chance Upon an Adventurer.

It was at the corner of the Rue Gogard that I saw her first. You may, perhaps, recall the place, if you know Montauban. A great barrack of a building, time-stained and neglected, blocks the way as one turns into it from the Rue Pluvois. Before the house is a high wall, pierced by a single gateway. The door is of oak, four inches thick and heavily barred with iron.—Vincennes has few stronger—wherefrom it may be seen that he who built the structure was a man who had his enemies.

The door held my eye, as I turned the corner, by its very massiveness, and just as I reached it, it was flung open with a crash, and a girl rushed into the street. She stopped as she saw me standing there, and my hat was sweeping the pavement as I caught her eyes on mine.

"You seem a man of honor," she said, and pressed her hand against her breast as though to still the beating of her heart.

"A thousand thanks, Mademoiselle," I answered, and I saw that even the stark emotion which possessed her could not bemask the beauty of her face. "Believe me, I shall be most happy to prove it."

"You have a sword?" she asked, still eyeing me with attention. I threw back my cloak and touched the hilt.

"And know how to use it?"

"Try me, Mademoiselle," I said simply. The color swept back into her face and her eyes narrowed with sudden resolution.

"Then follow me, Monsieur," she said, and turned back through the gateway.

I was at her heels as she ran across the little court and plunged into a dark doorway beyond. I paused an instant to draw my sword, dropping my cloak that it might not cumber me, and then clattered up the stair behind her. It was dark and narrow and of many turnings, so that she, who knew the place, had reached the top while I was stumbling along midway, cursing the darkness. But she awaited me, and as I reached her side held out her hand to me. My own closed over it in an instant and found it soft, warm and trembling. Here was an adventure after my own heart, and I had had so few dventures.

"Cautiously, Monsieur!" she whispered, and led the way along the narrow hall to the right. The darkness was absolute, the atmosphere close and stifling. I began to wonder if I had walked into a trap, but that warm little hand in mine reassured me. Besides, who could know my errand from Marsan, and, not knowing it, who would set a trap for so small a bird as I? Then, suddenly, as we turned a corner, I heard the sound of angry voices and saw a light streaming redly through an open doorway. In a moment we had reached it and I paused in astonishment as I saw what lay within.

There was a great fire blazing on the hearth, which threw into sharp relief a bed with disordered hangings, an open desk with papers overbowing it to the floor, a chair overturned, even the faded tapestry upon the walls. But it was at none of these I looked, though I found them all bit into my memory afterwards. It was at a man bound to a chair, at two others who were glancing hastily through the papers they were pulling from the drawers of the desk, at a fourth who was making an iron turn white in the glow of the fire. The man in the chair was watching the door with agonized eyes, but of the faces of the others I could see nothing, for they were masked.

Even as I stood there, palsied by astonishment, the man at the fire drew forth the iron and turned with it sputtering in his hand.

"Come, M. le Comte," he said, "I think this will answer," and he advanced toward the prisoner.

But the girl was through the doorway ere he had taken a second step.

"You curs! You cowards!" she screamed, and ran at him as though to wrench the iron from his hands.

Her voice had loosed the chains which bound me, and I sprang after her drew her back with one hand, and while the man stood for an instant agape at this intrusion, ran him through the breast. As he felt my sword in his flesh he raised his hand and threw the iron full at me, but I stepped aside and avoided it, and he fell in a heap on the hearth. The others were upon me almost before I could turn, and with the suddenness of their rush drove me into a corner, where, in truth, I was very glad to go, and get my back snugly against the wall. The moment I felt their blades against my own I knew that I had swordsmen to deal with. For a breath I held them off, then I saw them exchange a glance, and as one knicked up my blade the other ran me through the shoulder. It had been my heart, but that I sprang to the right. In the instant that followed I saw my chance and thrust full at my opponent, who had left his breast uncovered, but my point rang against a net of steel and the blade shivered in my grasp.

"Well thrust," he said, laughing harshly. "Tis a pity so pretty a swordsman must die so young. Come Caspard, let us finish," and he advanced to thrust again. I had my dinard out, but he knew it would be a little service.

And then, as I steeled myself for his last attack, commending my soul to the Vergin. I saw a white arc of fluttering iron sweep through the air and hiss deep into the cheek of the man in armor. He fell back with a terrible cry, and dropping his sword, clapped his hands to his face. The other stood for an instant dazed, then, with an oath, caught up his companion and plunged into the darkness of the hall without. I heard his footsteps echoing along it for a moment, then all was still. Only the girl stood there with the bar of iron still in her hand.

"Ah! I thank you, Mademoiselle," I said, "In another moment I had been beyond assistance."

She smiled at me faintly, tremulously, and cast the iron down upon the hearth. Plainly, she was not used to scenes of violence, and had small relish for them.

"Come," I continued, "let us release the prisoner," and with my pointard I cut the ropes which bound him. He arose from the chair unsteadily, stretched his limbs, and looked at me with a good humored light in his eyes.

"In faith, Monsieur," he said, "you relieved most opportunely. I admit I have no appetite for a white-hot iron. I'm a man of the pen, not of the sword. Accept my thanks," and he bowed with a certain dignity.

I bowed in return, not to be outdone in courtesy; then, of a sudden I felt my strength slipping from me and sat down limply on the chair from which I had just released him.

"Oh, you are wounded!" cried the girl. "See, uncle, here in his shoulder," and before I could prevent it she had sunk to her knees beside me and was tearing away my doublet. In a trice my shoulder was bare, and she examined the wound with compressed lips, touching it with intelligent fingers that bespoke her convent training.

"It is nothing," I protested weakly. "A mere flesh-wound. Do not trouble about it, I beg of you, Mademoiselle. I shall be better in a moment."

But the man interrupted me.

"Nonsense!" he cried curtly, and he too looked at the wound. "Claire," he added, "bring a basin of water and clean linen. We will soon repair this damage."

I followed her with my eyes as she ran to do his bidding. So her name was Claire, and I repeated it over and over to myself, as a man rolls wine in his mouth to get the full flavor. She was soon back, and the wound washed clean and deftly bandaged.

"There," he said at last, "I think that will do. I do not believe the hurt a dangerous one, Monsieur, but you would best consult without delay a more skilful surgeon than either Claire or I. One thing more I can do for you," and he opened a cupboard in the wall and brought out a flask of wine. "Drink this," he said, and handed me a glass brimming over. I drained it at a drought—how good it tasted!

"A thousand thanks," I said. "I am quite myself again. I trust Mademoiselle will pardon my momentary weakness."

She smiled happily as she looked at me.

"Oh, yes, Monsieur," she answered softly; "I think I could find it in my heart to pardon a much more serious offence," and her face grew rosy with sudden blushes, in fear, doubtless that she had said too much. I could guess that she had seen little of the world, and that its strangeness frightened her.

Her companion forestalled me before I could find words for a reply.

"May I ask the name of our rescuer? We shall wish always to remember it with grattitude."

"Paul de Marsan," I answered simply.

He started and I saw the girl's face turn white.

"Liege to the Comte de Cadillac?" he asked quickly.

I bowed.

"I came to Montauban to see him," I said, wondering at his emotion.

"But must you see him?" he persisted.

"At the earliest moment.'

He waved his hand with a gesture of despair and stood for a little time, his head bent in thought.

"M. de Marsan," he began at last, "I fear we have done you ill service by calling you here today—"

But I stopped him before he could say more.

"Ill service!" I cried. "Ill service to give my sword a chance at three consummate scoundrels, and me an opportunity of meeting Mademoiselle! Do me a thousand such ill services, Monsieur!"

His was a merry spirit when no danger threatened, and I saw a jest spring to life in his eyes.

"A chance to meet a thousand pretty girls?" he asked.

But he was not to catch me so.

"On the contrary, a thousand chances to meet Mademoiselle," I answered boldly, though the boldness was no deeper than the lips, and from the corner of my eye I saw the girl blush hotly.

He glanced from me to her and back again. The mirth died out of his face, as heat from a bed of ashes, and left it cold and gray.

"I fear that may not be, Monsieur," he said gravely. "Our way is not your way, as you will soon know for yourself. But, at least, I can give you a friend in place of the one you have lost here in our service."

He signed to Claire, and she ran to an adjoining room, returning in a moment with a sword in a scabbard of stout leather.

"Gird him," he said.

She came to me shyly, and taking the old scabbard from my belt, clasped the new one there. I trembled at the touch of her fingers, and gripped my hands behind me to keep my arms from about her. I could see the red blood surging in waves over cheek and neck as I looked down at her, but only when she had finished the task did she lift her eyes to mine for an instant. What eyes they were—dark, lustrous, with the white soul looking out!

"Draw your blade," commanded the other.

As I obeyed and its polished sides caught the firelight I saw it was no ordinary weapon.

"Test it," he said.

I bent it to left and right. It gave in my hands like some living thing.

"Twill take a stout coat of mail to turn it aside," he said. "'Tis a Toledo."

I flushed with joy at possessing such a treasure and tried to stammer my thanks, but he cut me off.

"There, there," he said, not unkindly. "Keep your thanks. I doubt you will soon find you have little enough cause for gratitude. But 'tis the utmost I can do for you, for 'tis very unlike we shall ever meet again."

"But your name," I stammered. "Surely I may know your name."

He hesitated a moment, then shook his head impatiently, as though casting some weakness from him.

"My name is of small moment," he said. "You may call me Duval. That will serve as well as any other."

"But, Monsieur," I protested, "I hope to see you many times again—you and Mademoiselle," and I stole a glance at her, but her eyes were fixed on the floor.

Duval came to me and took my hand.

"Believe me, M. de Marsan," he said earnestly, "I honor you and value your friendship highly, but for your own sake you must not meet us again. Indeed, 'twill do you little good to try, since by tomorrow we shall be far from here, in a country it were death for you to penetrate."

I gazed at him, too astonished to reply.

"I will ask you one more favor," he added. "Will you assist me in carrying yonder fellow to the bed. We must give him a chance, if he hath a spark of life left in him."

"Willingly," I answered, and between us we raised the man, who lay where he had fallen, and stretched him on the couch. He gave no sign of life and I thought him done for, but when the doublet was stripped from his breast I saw that the blood was still slowly oozing from the wound which my sword had made. Duval hesitated an instant and then lifted the mask from his face. I had never seen the man before, but he had a strong, bold countenance, with something of rough power in it.

"That was the master against whose cuirass you broke your sword, M. de Marsan," remarked Duval, and then as he met my inquiring glance he added, "Believe me, I appreciate your courtesy, Monsieur, in keeping back the questions which must be on your lips; but 'tis a matter you are ignorant of, even were I at liberty to explain it. And now I must ask you to leave us, for we have much to do."

"We will meet again," I said earnestly as I took his hand .

But he merely shook his head.

"Claire will accompany you to the street," he said, and turned away to his disordered desk.

I followed her without a word along the hallway and down the dark stair; but at the foot I caught her hand and held it.

"Can it be, Mademoiselle," I asked, "that this is adieu? Surely you do not believe so!"

"I fear I must believe so, Monsieur," she answered softly. "Only I wish myself to thank you for your gallantry and courage. They were given to a good cause."

"And will be given again to the same cause!" I cried. "I warn you, Mademoiselle, that I shall not submit so tamely to this decree of separation."

She pressed my fingers gently and withdrew her hand.

"Come," she said, "I must return," and she went on across the little court and to the gate, which still hung open as we had left it. "Adieu, Monsieur," she added, and held out her hand again.

I raised it to my lips and kissed it. "It is not adieu," I said. "I will not have it so. I shall see you again many times," but as I looked into her eyes I felt my certainty slipping from me, and with it my self-control.

Perhaps she read my thought, for she drew her hand away and made ready to close the gate.

"Adieu, Monsieur," she repeated, and I saw that her eyes were bright with tears.

I sprang to her and caught both her hands in mine.

"But, Claire," I cried, "at least, tell me that you are sorry; tell me that you care; tell me that you would not have it so!"

She looked up into my face and her lips were quivering.

"I have had many disappointments," she said. "One more will matter little. You must go, Monsieur. To detain me here is to endanger both of us."

"As you will," I said a little bitterly, and I dropped her hands and turned to the gate. "Only in this, Mademoiselle, you shall not be disappointed. I swear it. Au revoir."

I stepped through to the street and turned with a bared head and trembling hands for a last glimpse of her. For an instant she held the gate half open and gazed into my eyes. Then she shut it fast, the bar dropped into place and I heard her footsteps slowly cross the court.

CHAPTER II.

I Walk Into a Hornets' Nest.

The vesper bell of a near-by priory waked me out of my thoughts. I remembered with a start that the business which had brought me to Montauban was as yet undone, and I hastened my steps towards the hotel of the Comte de Cadillac, which stood, as I very well knew, on the right bank of the Tarn, as one approaches it from the south along the Rue du Midi. It was not till then that the increasing cold of evening drew my attention to the fact that I no longer had my cloak about me, and I remembered that I had not thought to pick it up again as I passed the place where I had dropped it, so absorbed had I been in my companion. I reflected with satisfaction that I had chosen an old one in which to make this journey, not only that I might be the less an object of notice, but also because I did not know to what vicissitude of weather I might be subjected ere I was back again beside the fire at Marsan.

Night had settled upon the town before I reached the Rue du Midi and turned up towards the river, but I did not slacken my pace until I saw gleaming before me the great torches which at night time always flamed on either side of the wide gate to the Hotel de Cadillac. Far in the distance, beyond the high-arched bridge which spans the river, I could catch the glitter of light about the great chateau of my master's friend and ally, M. le Comte de Toulouse; and away, on either side, the warm lights of the town; but I paused for only a glance at them as I turned towards the gate before me. There was the usual crowd of lacqueys and men-at-arms loitering about it, and I made my way through them without hinderance, across the inner court, and up the steps to the great doorway. Here a sentry stopped me.

"I wish to see M. le Comte," I said. "I have an urgent message for him from Marsan."

The fellow looked me over for a moment, plainly little impressed by my appearance.

"Very well, monsieur," he said at last. "Come with me."

Midway of the hall a group had gathered about a man who was talking excitedly, and from the faces of his listeners I judged it to be no ordinary bit of gossip he was imparting. I caught a few words as we made a way through the crowd.

"It is most curious," the speaker was saying. "No one can imagine how it occurred."

"What is it?" I asked my guide when once we were past the crowd. "What has happened?"

But he merely shook his head, as though it were not his business nor mine, and kept on without replying. I promised myself that I would some day repay him twice over for his insolence. The blood is warm at 20!

He turned to the right through an open doorway and stopped before a man who was walking soberly up and down, his chin in his hand, his brows knitted.

"M. d'Aurilly," he said, "here is a youngster who says he has a message from M. le Comte."

My cheeks flushed at his tone and I bit my lips to keep back the retort which would have burst from them.

D'Aurilly stopped in his walk and looked at me.

"That will do, Bricet," he said to the sentry after a moment, and stood looking at me until the sound of his footsteps died away down the corridor. I could see that he was searching me through and through, and no whit agashed, for I came of as good blood as any in Gascony, I gave him look for look.

"So you have a message for me?" he asked at last.

"Yes, monsieur," I answered, and as I looked into his face I saw that his eyes glittered under half-closed lids, that his nose arched like an eagle's beak, and the thick moustachio could not wholly conceal the cruel lines of the mouth. Verily, I thought, there seem to be few pleasant people in the household of M. le Comte de Cadillac.

"And where is this message from?" he continued.

"From Marsan, monsieur."

"And you are?"

"Paul de Marsan, monsieur."

He looked at me yet a moment, his eyes glittering behind their veil of lashes like snakes in ambush.

"Very well," he said abruptly. "Give me this message. I will deliver it to M. le Comte."

And he held out his hand.

"Impossible, monsieur," I answered. "I was instructed to deliver it only to M. le Comte himself.

Again he paused to look me up and down, and I saw the hot color of the south leap to his cheeks.

"Perhaps you do not know that I am the Vicomte d'Aurilly," he sneered at last.

"I heard the sentry call you so, monsieur," I answered, bowing. I did not add that I thought it strange he should be in the household and seemingly so near the person of M. le Comte—for his estates lay far south on the border of the Pyrenees and he had always been reckoned more Sprnish than French.

"Come," he cried roughly, "enough of this play! Give me the message. M. le Comte is ill and will see no one."

"Then I will wait till he is well again, monsieur," I said, as calmly as I could, and made for the door, head in air.

But his voice arrested me.

"Stop, you fool!" he cried.

I turned upon him, all my blood in my face.

"That is not the way one gentleman addresses another, monsieur," I said between my teeth. "I must ask monsieur to apologize."

"Apologize!" he cried, purple with rage. "Upon my word, these Gascon paupers are insufferable!"

But I could bear no more—no Marsan could endure an insult such as that—and I sprang upon him and struck him full in the mouth with my open hand. He had his poinard out in an instant and lunged at me—which I thought a cowardly thing—but I stepped back out of harm's reach and whipped out my sword before he could strike a second time. He paused when he saw my sword at his breast.

"Now," I said, "perhaps monsieur will draw and fight like a gentleman, not like a blackguard."

I thought he would choke with rage. And at that instant an inner door opened and a man stepped through. He stopped in amazement as he saw our attitude.

"What is this, d'Aurilly?" he demanded sternly. "A duel—and in M. le Comte's antechamber? Surely you know his need of quiet!"

D'Aurilly turned to the newcomer, his face working with passion.

"I was pressed beyond endurance, M. Letourge," he said. "Look at this," and he pointed to the mark of my hand still on his face.

"A blow!" and Letourge looked at me wrathfully. "Who are you, monsieur, that you dare to strike the Vicomte d'Aurilly?"

But my blood was up and my eyes were full on his. In my heart I knew that his eyes were honest eyes and his face an honest one, albeit a stern one.

"A gentleman whom he had insulted, monsieur," I answered proudly. "We of Marsan permit that from no man."

But Letourge's face had changed. He stood staring at me with staring eyes, as though not able to believe them. Then he pulled himself together and his face became like marble, lighted by two coals of fire.

"You are a bold man, monsieur," he said at last in a voice that chilled me, "to set foot in this house. Methinks you will never leave it with your breath in your body."

It was my turn to stare.

"Is M. le Comte de Cadillac a second Pharaoh," I asked, "that he should slay his messengers? Had I known that, I had made less haste from Marsan in his service."

Letourge had recovered his self-control, but I saw that his hands were trembling.

"From Marsan?" he repeated. "And when came you from Marsan?"

"An hour ago," I answered.

"And you have a message?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"You lie!" he cried. "You must think our memories marvelously short! M. le Comte does not slay messengers, but he hangs spies. Do you not already feel the rope about your neck?"

I looked into his eyes and saw he was in earnest. What could the man mean? I realized that I had need to keep my wits about me.

"Monsieur," I said, with what calm-

Continued on Page 3.

Art Treasurers of Mexico

Mexican Herald.

The traveler who visits Mexico for the first time is usually amazed at the beauty and variety and cheapness of the antiques and curios to be found there. In this respect Mexico is truly a virgin field.

The Spanish grandees—many of them of the nobility—who followed Cortes to the new world, brought the contents of their old world palaces with them and many of these beautiful Spanish-Moorish relics of the arts and crafts of older Spain are still to be met with in Mexico.

The early Spanish viceroys who decorated their palacios in the old Aztec capitol with a splendor that could not be surpassed, and later, the rich silver kings, who with a silver mine or two in bonanza at their backs ransacked the art centers of Europe to find treasures for their homes in the wonderful mining camps of New Spain, collected art treasures that were fit to grace a kingly palace in any land.

Lovers of old paintings particularly find much to interest them in the almost priceless collection of pictures in the National gallery at Mexico City, and in the oftentimes equally complete collections to be found in certain of the antique shops in Montezuma's one time capital. And their interest is usually heightened when they learn that relatively only a few of the wonderful and now almost priceless masterpieces which the wealthy and zealous friars of the early colonial epoch brought from the cathedrals of Spain and Italy to decorate richer and sometimes more sumptuous churches and chapels in the new world, have ever been located.

Many fine Maximilian relics still remain in Mexico, for that luxurious monarch and his imperious but charming consort brought most of their possessions with them when they came to this country. Beautiful porcelains were one of the emperor's hobbies, and no finer trophy of a Mexican trip can be imagined than a choice bit of china that once formed a part of the Empress Carlotta's collection and which bears her dainty monogram and crest.

The wonderfully beautiful old Talavera porcelains, the matchlessly carved Spanish furniture and the intricately inlaid (usually with ivory) secretaries, as well as the bits of Spanish lace, filmy, hand-made mantillas, fine old fans, sacerdotal vestments, embroidered shawls, altar pieces and myriad desirable souvenirs are never ceasing attractions to the tourist familiar with the hackneyed, oft-times tawdry and almost always dubiously authentic antiques offered at high prices in Europe and elsewhere.

The splendidly woven Indian zarapes, which, with care, will last for a century and than which nothing is more decorative, are a felicitous blending of the useful and the beautiful, and few indeed are the tourists leaving Mexico who do not carry away with them one or more of these mist desirable acquisitions. The genuine ones are made on primitive hand looms in tiny Indian homes, and as they are woven as tightly as strong arms can weave them, many of them will hold water.

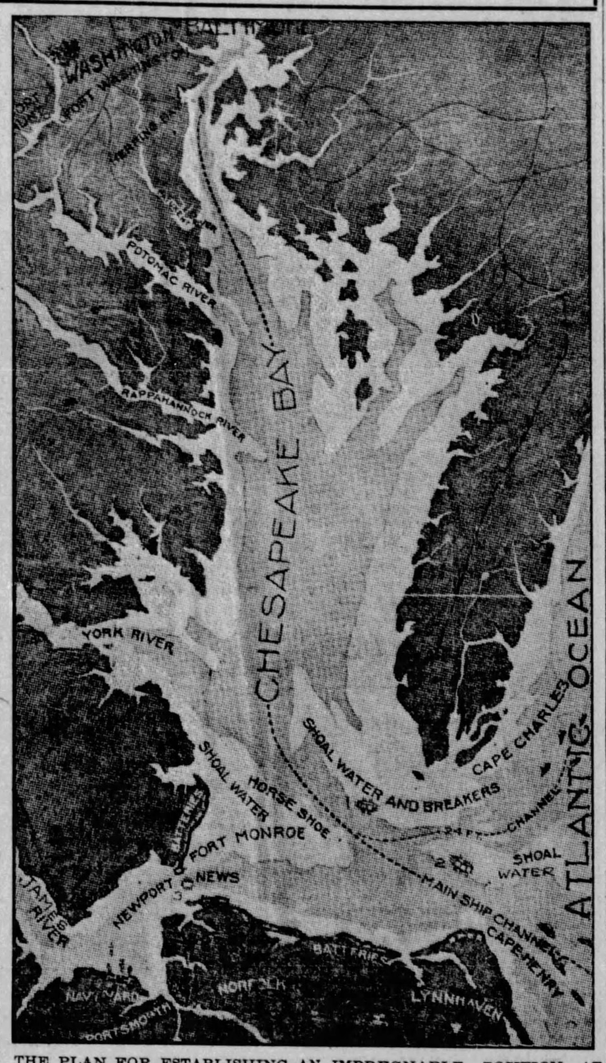
Planning an American Gibraltar

It is the plan of Uncle Sam to build large fortifications at the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay, involving the expenditure of millions of dollars. For several years, the military and naval authorities have argued that the present protection at this strategical point is wholly inadequate and should be strengthened. They hold, as does President Taft, that it is impossible to effectually guard the entrance of the bay with the biggest guns at Fort Monroe. Plans and estimates are being prepared, and this winter President Taft will strongly urge congress to take action. The plan involves the construction of artificial islands of stone and concrete between Cape Henry and Cape Charles, a distance of about 18 miles from Fort Monroe, upon which is to be placed the powerful batteries.

L. William Thavis, in the January number of Popular Mechanics Magazine discusses the project in all its aspects and makes some very interesting statements. He says: "To leave the entrance to the Chesapeake unfortified is not merely a mistake, it is a crime. Cape Henry is the logical Gibraltar of the United States. It can be made impregnable and impassable. It is the key to the most important of our strategical situations. Its protection would insure to the nation the preservation of its finest naval harbor and its most important base of naval operation. It is contended that in the event of war, Cape Henry, unfortified, would require a fleet of battleships for its defense; fortified, it could rely upon itself and leave the navy unhampered. . . . An attempt to force the Chesapeake under present conditions, would, it is contended, necessitate the employment of a large quota of our navy as defender. A successful entrance would demand the immediate mobilization of the flower of our army to prevent the seizure of vital points. A naval victory leaves in its wake derelicts, and the nation would be compelled to face this situation—its army placed at a disadvantage before an enemy which could choose the battleground and its navy depleted by the loss of some of its necessary units.

With Cape Henry fortified, there would be real security. The navy would be free to perform its normal functions, without having superadded to these the care of a strategic point which could well be protected from the land. An impassable fortification at the cape is considered a sure solution of the problem. Every physical and strategical condition favorable to defensive tactics is there. North-northeast of Cape Henry, the distance across the channel, from the beach to the farther limit of the five-fathom line, is only three statute miles. To pass this point, a hostile fleet would not likely risk taking less than seven or eight fathoms of water, as a close approach to the north would render grounding imminent; such a course would bring the warships within 2¼ to 2¾ miles of Cape Henry—a range which would permit its six-in. guns to penetrate the lighter armor, and the larger cannon to perforate the heaviest battleships.

"With adequate fortifications, a comparatively small number of artillerymen could hold the Chesapeake Bay safely against attack; without these defenses, the protection of the bay and its circumjacent lands must inevitably demand the services of fleets and forces. To avoid a wholesale sacrifice of our soldiers, to afford commercial security and to insure national prestige is the duty of our government; and by no single act can it better fulfill that duty than by placing an impregnable fortification at the country's chief strategic point."



THE PLAN FOR ESTABLISHING AN IMPREGNABLE POSITION AT THE MOUTH OF CHESAPEAKE BAY.

The proposed fortifications to command both channels to the bay are shown at 1, 2 and 3, being old Fort Wool, better known as the Rip-Rap. The importance of protecting this position may be seen when it is realized that a hostile fleet could enter the bay, once the batteries at the end of Cape Henry were silenced, proceeding to Herring Bay, there landing troops to attack Washington and Baltimore. The importance of protecting Hampton Roads and the navy yard is apparent.

Truth.

I am truth that thunders from the deep
Of eternal days that are
Pulsing through the universe with sweep
More majestic than a star.
Faring like a nameless thing of might
Through a fiery heaven sublime,
Onward with the echoing footsteps light
Of undeviating time!

I am great, and there is none beside;
Mine is eminent domain;
Lips of me have never scoffed nor lied,
Light of me shall never wane.
Though I sink to depths of murk and gloom
In the squalid haunts of men,
I shall make the arid midnight bloom
With my dawn, and rise again.

Once my name was Christ, and I became
Bold to lift the nations higher
I was stricken through with thorn and shame;
I arose from ruin's pyre
Many names of God and men I bear;
They shall pass, but I endure
On my swift and strenuous way I fare;
I am strong; my wings are sure.

I shall bind the nations to my task,
Never one shall say me nay.
I have but to look and voiceless ask,
Men behold me and obey.
All things merge into my magnet will—
Leaf and flower, stream and stone.
I am absolute to spare and kill,
To accurse or to condone.

In my hands I hold the shafts of fate,
Me the worlds approve and dread.
All the suns and stars my word await;
All the seas by me are fed.
Not an atom of the Infinite
Hides from me or may escape.
Molding by my slow but sovereign might
Into its predestined shape.

In my plan all things have equal place—
Even the firefly and the star,
Brothers; nothing little is or base,
Nothing mean, a-near or far.
Work of mine shall make the grass leaf brute,
And the brute the man shall be,
And the man the god in later fruit—
And the gods abide in me.

—Robertus Love.

THE SQUAW'S SHAWL

Her Method of Securing Exclusiveness of Pattern.

Washington Herald.

The Indian wears his blanket on the hottest summer days. His theory is that if it keeps out the cold in winter it will keep out the heat in summer, says Ben M. Myers of Oklahoma City, Okla.

While he might not care to buy anything else expensive the price of a suitable blanket is never questioned, but it would be difficult indeed to deceive him as to the texture of any robe.

"A squaw will imitate almost anything that pleases her fancy, but in the matter of her blanket or shawl she exhibits an unusual amount of individuality. With great care and patience she designs her blanket and when she places the order with the mill man he does not duplicate it until she has had an opportunity to wear it.

"If she makes the request that it shall not be duplicated her wishes are regarded, because it is the one article she possesses in which exclusiveness is much coveted, and also because what would please one squaw would not appear at all attractive to another.

"The lightweight shawl or blanket is thrown over the head of the squaw, and unless she is able to purchase a bright colored kerchief it will serve as her only bonnet as well. It is just as common a sight now to see the papoose securely bound on the back of its mother by a portion of her blanket as it used to be to see the wee head of the Indian babe peeping from the te-kas or frame cradle."

Sealing a Mine.

Atlantic Monthly.

The brilliancy of the clear autumn night was dimming in the first faint light of the dawn when the work of sealing the shafts began. Up into the cloudless sky, through the tangled steel work of the tipple, a tall tower of black smoke 300 feet high poured up through cracks along the edges of the great seal, like steam beneath the lid of a teakettle, told of the inferno that was seething in the mine 400 feet below. With the air cut off and the shaft sealed, the fire could live only so long as sufficient oxygen remained to feed the flames.

Replanting Burned Forest District.

San Francisco Chronicle.

Planting forests while the ground is covered with from two to three feet of snow, and those doing the work traveling over the country on snowshoes, is in progress in the burned over forests of southern Oregon. Forest Supervisor Erickson, with headquarters in Medford, has received a large amount of seed from the big sequoia grove in California and has a number of men out in the Crater lake national forest reserve planting them. The rangers have already planted 500 or 600 acres in the burned over district and there remains about 1,500 acres to be seeded.

New Center of Population

WITHOUT more complete statistics than are now available, outside of the census bureau, it is impossible to determine exactly how many people live east of the "center of population," as it was fixed by the census of 1900, and how many west. A line drawn north and south through the point near Columbus, Ind., which was located by the government experts as the center of population, 10 years ago, would divide six states and many counties.

Part of Alabama, Florida, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Tennessee, would lie east of the line and part west. Just what the population of these sections of states will prove to be, according to the new census, cannot yet be determined. It is useless, therefore, to attempt any close calculation of the number of inhabitants east of that line or west of it.

But there is no doubt whatever that many more people live east of Columbus, Ind., than west of that town. There is no question that if the census bureau fixed the center of population in a commonsense way it would be moved many miles east of the point where it was placed after the enumeration of 1900.

To the east of that line lies a part of Alabama, which contains probably 400,000 of the state's 2,138,000 inhabitants. Nearly all of Florida is east of that meridian, and 700,000 of of the state's 751,000 residents can be set down as east of the old center of population.

Indiana is so divided by the line passing north and south near Columbus that 900,000 of its 2,700,000 citizens can be credited to the eastern half of the country. In Kentucky about half of the population is east of this point, and a conservative estimate would give not less than 1,200,000 of the state's 2,290,000 people to the eastern section.

Michigan is another state divided by a line drawn through the old center of population, and fully 2,000,000 of the 2,800,000 people in the state appear to live east of that meridian. In Tennessee the situation is different, for the great majority of the state's population is west of the old center of population. Probably not more than 700,000 can be counted east of it.

In addition to these parts of states which lie east of the meridian of Columbus, Ind., there is the entire population of Connecticut, Delaware, the District of Columbia, Georgia, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont, Virginia and West Virginia—42,076,689 in all.

This great total added to the 5,900,000 estimated residents of the parts of states divided by a line drawn north and south through the center of population, as it was fixed after the census of 1900, makes the present numerical strength of the section of the country east of that point about 47,976,000, or practically 48,000,000. Only 44,000,000, in round figures, are left for the immense area west of the meridian of Columbus, Ind.

It will be seen that if the center of population were fixed in a simple and logical way it would have to be moved many miles eastward instead of continuing the westward progress, which has gone on from the beginning. The true center appears to be a little west of the western boundary of Ohio.

But no such change will take place when the census bureau figures out the point which it calls the center of the American nation. It refuses to adopt any simple and plain method of determining the balancing spot, east and west, north and south.

On the contrary, the country is imagined to be a vast plane or floor, on which every resident of the United States is supposed to stand where he lives, and every human unit is estimated at the same weight. Then the point where the immense floor or plane would balance, if supported on a single pivot, is taken as the center of population.

This ingenious or misleading device brings into play a system of calculating leverage for distance, which makes 10 men in California outweigh 100 in Ohio. It is illogical and false, and one effect is to keep the official center of population considerably west of the place where it ought to be fixed.

THE DANGER TRAIL.

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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CHAPTER XVI

Jean's Story.

It was the candle light that dragged Howland quickly back into consciousness and pain. He knew that he was no longer in the snow. His fingers dug into damp earth as he made an effort to raise himself, and with that effort it seemed as though a red hot knife had cleft him from the top of his skull to his chest. The agony of that instant's pain drew a sharp cry from him and he clutched both hands to his head, waiting and fearing. It did not come again and he sat up. A hundred candles danced and blinked before him like so many taunting eyes and turned him dizzy with a sickening nausea. One by one the lights faded away after that until there was left only the steady glow of the real candle.

The fingers of Howland's right hand were sticky when he drew them away from his head, and he shivered. The tongue of flame leaping out of the night, the thunderous report, the deluge of fire that had filled his brain, all bore their meaning for him now. It had been a close call, so close that shivering chills ran up and down his spine and he struggled little by little to lift himself to his knees. His enemy's shot had grazed his head. A quarter of an inch more, an eighth of an inch even, and there would have been no awakening. He closed his eyes for a few moments and when he opened them his vision had gained distance. About him he made out the black encompassing walls of his prison.

It seemed an interminable time before he could rise and stand on his feet and reach the candle. Slowly he felt his way along the wall until he came to a low, heavy door, barred from the outside, and just beyond this door he found a narrow aperture cut through the decaying logs. It was a yard in length and barely wide enough for him to thrust through an arm.

Three more of these narrow slits in his prison walls he found before he came back again to the door. They reminded him of the hole through which he had looked out on the plague-stricken cabin at the Maison de Mort Rouge, and he guessed that through them came what little fresh air found its way into the dungeon.

Near the table on which he replaced the candle was a stool, and he sat down. Carefully he went through his pockets. His belt and revolver were gone. He had been stripped of letters and papers. Not so much as a match had been left him by his captors.

He stopped in his search and listened. Faintly there came to him the ticking of his watch. He felt in his watch pocket. It was empty. Again he listened. This time he was sure that the sound came from his feet and he lowered the candle until the light of it glistened on something yellow an arm's distance away. It was his watch, and close beside it lay his leather wallet. What money he had carried in the pocketbook was untouched, but his personal cards and half a dozen papers that it had contained were gone.

He looked at the time. The hour hand pointed to four. Was it possible that he had been unconscious for more than six hours? He had left Jean on the mountain top soon after nightfall—it was not later than 9 o'clock when he had seen Meleese. Seven hours! Again he lifted his hands to his head. His hair was stiff and matted with blood. It had congealed thickly on his cheek and neck and had soaked the top of his coat. He had bled a great deal, so much that he wondered he was alive, and yet during those hours his captors had given him no assistance, had not even bound a cloth about his head.

Did they believe that the shot had killed him, that he was already dead when they flung him into the dungeon? Or was this only one other instance of the barbaric brutishness of those who so insistently sought his life? The fighting blood rose in him with returning strength. If they had left him a weapon, even the small knife they had taken from his pocket, he would still make an effort to settle a last score or two. But now he was helpless.

There was, however, a ray of hope in the possibility that they believed him dead. If they who had flung him into the dungeon believed this, then he was safe for several hours. No one would come for his body until broad day, and possibly not until the following night, when a grave could be dug and he could be carried out with some secrecy. In that time, if he could escape from his prison, he would be well on his way to Wekusho. He had no doubt that Jean was still a prisoner on the mountain top. The dogs and sledge were there and both rifles were where he had concealed them. It would be a hard race—a running fight perhaps—but he would win, and after a time Meleese would come to him, away down at the little hotel on the Saskatchewan.

He rose to his feet, his blood growing warm, his eyes shining in the candlelight. The thought of the girl as she had come out in the night put back into him all of his old fighting strength, all of his unconquerable hope and confidence. She had followed him when the dog yelped at his heels, as the first shots had been fired; she had knelt beside him in the snow as he lay bleeding at the feet of his enemies. He had heard her voice calling to him, had felt the thrilling touch of her arms, the terror and love of her lips as she thought him dying. She had given herself to him; and she would come to him—his lady of the snows—if he could escape.

He went to the door and shoved against it with his shoulder. It was immovable. Again he thrust his hand and arm through the first of the narrow ventilating apertures. The wood with which his fingers came in contact was rotting from moisture and age and he found he could tear out handfuls of it. He fell to work, digging with the fierce eagerness of an animal. At the rate the soft pulpy wood gave way he could win his freedom long before the earliest risers at the post were awake.

A sound stopped him, a hollow cough from out of the blackness beyond the dungeon wall. It was followed an instant later by a gleam of light and Howland darted quickly back to the table. He heard the slipping of a bolt outside the door and it flashed on him then that he should have thrown himself back into his old position on the

A Newspaper Advertisement Probably Saved His Life

In December, 1908, I suffered severely with pains in my kidneys and could not sleep nights on account of backache. I became run down, fell off in weight and was at that point when I thought I would have to stop my work as saw filer at the Cedar Creek Saw Mill Co.

I had used about everything and had called in my doctor, but all to no avail. After seeing your advertisement in the newspaper, I made up my mind to try Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root as a last resort. After three months' treatment I passed a gravel stone and at the end of one year's treatment I was positively cured of all kidney troubles. After taking the first bottle I could sleep at night.

Now I am perfectly healthy, and I honestly believe Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root to be a thorough cure for kidney trouble.

I will allow you to publish this where it may aid others who are suffering, and in closing I wish to thank you for my present good health.

Yours very truly,
A. M. WILLIAMSON,
Brewton, Ala.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this the 14th day of July, 1909.
JOHN PURIFOY, JR.,
Notary Public.
For Escambia County, State of Alabama.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Toledo Weekly Blade. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

floor. It was too late for action now. The door swung open and a shaft of light shot into the chamber. For a space Howland was blinded by it and it was not until the bearer of the lamp had advanced half way to the table that he recognized his visitor as Jean Croisset. The Frenchman's face was wild and haggard. His eyes gleamed red and bloodshot as he started at the engineer.

"Mon Dieu, I had hoped to find you dead," he whispered huskily.

He reached up to hang the big oil lamp he carried to a hook in the log ceiling, and Howland sat amazed at the expression on his face. Jean's great eyes gleamed like living coals from out of a death-mask. Either fear or pain had wrought deep lines in his face. His hands trembled as he steadied the lamp. The few hours that had passed since Howland had left him a prisoner on the mountain top had transformed him into an old man. Even his shoulders were hunched forward with an air of weakness and despair as he turned from the lamp to the engineer.

"I had hoped to find you dead, M'seur," he repeated in a voice so low it could not have been heard beyond the door. "That is why I did not bind your wound and give you water when they turned you over to my care. I wanted you to bleed to death. It would have been easier—for both of us."

From under the table he drew forth a second stool and sat down opposite Howland. The two men stared at each other over the sputtering remnant of the candle. Before the engineer had recovered from his astonishment at the sudden appearance of the man whom he believed to be safely imprisoned in the old cabin Croisset's shifting eyes fell on the mass of torn wood under the aperture.

"Too late, M'seur," he said meaningly. "They are waiting up there now. It is impossible for you to escape."

"That is what I thought about you," replied Howland, forcing himself to speak coolly. "How did you manage it?"

"They came up to free me soon after they got you, M'seur. I am grateful to you for thinking of me, for if you had not told them I might have stayed there and starved like a beast in a trap."

"It was Meleese," said Howland. "I told her."

Jean dropped his head in his hands.

"I have just come from Meleese," he whispered softly. "She sends you her love, M'seur, and tells you not to give up hope. The great God, if she only knew—if she only knew what is about to happen! No one has told her. She is a prisoner in her room, and after that—after that out on the plain—when she came to you and fought like one gone mad to save you—they will not give her freedom until all is over. What time is it, M'seur?"

A clammy chill passed over Howland as he read the time.

"Half-past four."

The Frenchman shivered; his fingers clasped and unclasped nervously as he leaned nearer his companion.

"The Virgin bear me witness that I wish I might strike ten years off my life and give you freedom," he breathed quickly. "I would do it this instant, M'seur. I would help you to escape if it were in any way possible. But they are in the room at the head of the stair—waiting. At six—"

Something seemed to choke him and he stopepd.

"At six—what then?" urged Howland. "My God, man, what makes you look so? What is to happen at six?"

Jean stiffened. A flash of the old fire gleamed in his eyes, and his voice was steady and clear when he spoke again.

"I have no time to lose in further talk like this, M'seur," he said almost harshly. "They know now that it was I who fought for you and for Meleese on the Great North Trail. They know that it is I who saved you at Wekusko. Meleese can no more save me than she can save you, and to make my task a little harder they have made me their messenger, and—"

Again he stopped, choking for words.

"What?" insisted Howland ,leaning toward him, his face as white as the tallow in the little dish on the table.

"Their executioner, M'seur."

With his hands gripped tightly on the table in front of him Jack Howland sat as rigid as though an electric shock had passed through him.

"Great God!" he gasped.

"First I am to tell you a story, M'seur," continued Croisset, leveling his reddened eyes to the engineer's. "It will not be long, and I pray the Virgin to make you understand it as we people of the north understand it. It begins 16 years ago."

"I shall understand, Jean," whispered Howland. "Go on."

"It was at one of the company's posts that it happened," Jean began, and the story has to do with Le M'seur, the Factor, and his wife, L'Ange Blanc—that is what she was called, M'seur—the White Angel. Mon Dieu, how we loved her! Not with a wicked love, M'seur, but with something very near to that which we give our Blessed Virgin. And our love was but a pitiful thing when compared with the love of these two, each for the other. She was beautiful, gloriously beautiful as we know women up in the big snows; like Meleese, who was the youngest of their children.

"Ours was the happiest post in all this great northland, M'seur," continued Croisset after a moment's pause; "and it was all because of this woman and the man, but mostly because of the woman. And when the little Meleese came—she was the first white girl baby that any of us had ever seen—our love for these two became something that I fear was almost a sacrilege to our dear Lady of God. Perhaps you can not understand such a love, M'seur; I know that it can not be understood down in that world which you call civilization, for I have been there and have seen. We would have died for the little Meleese, and the other Meleese, her mother. And also, M'seur, we would have killed our own brothers had they as much as spoken a word against them or cast at the mother even as much as a look which was not the purest. That is how we loved her 16 years ago this winter, M'seur, and that is how we love her memory still."

"She is dead," uttered Howland, forgetting in these tense moments the significance Jean's story might hold for him.

"Yes; she is dead. M'seur, shall I tell you how she died?"

Croisset sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing, his lithe body twitching like a wolf's as he stood for an instant half leaning over the engineer.

"Shall I tell you how she died, M'seur?" he repeated, falling back on his stool, his long arms stretched over the table. "It happened like this, 16 years ago, when the little Meleese was four years old and the oldest of the three sons was 14. That winter a man and his boy came up from Churchill. He had letters from the Factor at the Bay, and our Factor and his wife opened their doors to him and to his son, and gave them all that it was in their power to give.

"Mon Dieu, this man was from that glorious civilization of yours, M'seur—from that land to the south where they say that Christ's temples stand on every four corners, but he could not understand the strange God and the strange laws of our people! For months he had been away from the companionship of women, and in this great wilderness the Factor's wife came into his life as the flower blossoms in the desert. Ah, M'seur, I can see now how his wicked heart strove to accomplish the things, and how he failed because the glory of our womanhood up here has come straight down from Heaven. And in failing he went mad—mad with that passion of the race I have seen in Montreal, and then—ah, the Great God, M'seur, do you not understand what happened next?"

Croisset lifted his head, his face twisted in a torture that was half grief, half madness, and stared at Howland, with quivering nostrils and heaving chest. In his companion's face he saw only a dead white pallor of waiting, of half comprehension. He leaned over the table again, controlling himself by a mighty effort.

"It was at that time when most of us were out among the trappers, just before our big spring caribou roast, when the forest people came in with their furs, M'seur. The post was almost deserted. Do you understand? The woman was alone in her cabin with the little Meleese—and when we came back at night she was dead. Yes, M'seur, she killed herself, leaving a few written words to the Factor telling him what had happened.

"The man and the boy escaped on a sledge after the crime. Mon Dieu, how the forest people leaped in pursuit! Runners carried the word over the mountains and through the swamps, and a hundred sledge parties searched the forest trails for the man-fiend and his son. It was the Factor himself and his youngest boy who found them, far out on the Churchill trail. And what happened then, M'seur? Just this: While the man-fiend urged on his dogs the son fired back with a rifle, and one of his bullets went straight through the heart of the pursuing Factor, so that in the space of one day and one night the little Meleese was made both motherless and fatherless by these two whom the devil sent to destroy the most beautiful thing we have ever known in this North. Ah, M'seur, you turn white! Does it bring a vision to you now? Do you hear the crack of the rifle? Can you see—"

"My God!" gasped Howland. Even now he understood nothing of what this tragedy might mean to him—forgot everything but that he was listening to the terrible tragedy that had come to the woman who was the mother of the girl he loved. He half rose from his seat as Croisset paused; his eyes glittered, his death-white face was set tense in fierce lines, his finger nails dug in the board table, as demanded, "What happened then Croisset?"

Jean was eyeing him like an animal. His voice was low.

"They escaped, M'seur."

With a deep breath Howland sank back. In a moment he leaned again toward Jean as he saw come into the Frenchman's eyes a slumbering fire that a few seconds later blazed into vengeful malignity when he drew slowly from an inside pocket of his coat a small parcel wrapped and tied in soft buckskin.

"They have sent you this, M'seur," he said. "'At the very last,' they told me, 'let him read this.'"

With his eyes on the parcel, scarcely breathing, Howland waited while with exasperating slowness Croisset's brown fingers untied the cord that secured it.

"Firt you must understand what this meant to us in the North, M'seur," said Jean, his hands covering the parcel after he had finished with the cord. "We are different who live up here—different from those who live in Montreal, and beyond. With us a lifetime is not too long to spend in avenging a cruel wrong. It is our honor of the North. I was 15 then, and had been fostered by the Factor and his wife since the day my mother died of the smallpox and I dragged myself into the post, almost dead of starvation. So it happened that I was like a brother to Meleese and the other three. The years passed, and the desire for vengeance grew in us as we became older, until it was the one thing that we most desired in life, even filling the gentle heart of Meleese, whom we sent to school in Montreal when she was eleven, M'seur. It was three years later—while she was still in Montreal—that I went on one of my wandering searches to a post at the head of the Great Slave, and there, M'seur—there—"

Croisset had risen. His long arms were stretched high, his head thrown back, his upturned face aflame with a passion that was almost that of prayer.

"M'seur, I thank the great God in Heaven that it was given to Jean Croisset to meet one of those whom we had pledged our lives to find—and I slew him!"

He stood silent, eyes partly closed, still as if in prayer. When he sank into his chair again the look of hatred had gone from his face.

"It was the father, and I killed him, M'seur—killed him slowly, telling him of what he had done as I choked the life from him; and then, a little at a time, I let life back into him, forcing him to tell me where I would find his son, the slayer of Meleese's father. And after that I closed on his throat until he was dead, and my dogs dragged his body through three hundred miles of snow that the others migh look on him and know that he was dead. That was six years ago, M'seur."

Howland was scarcely breathing.

"And the other—the son—" he whispered tensely. "You found him, Croisset? You killed him?"

"What yould you have done, M'seur?"

Howland's hands gripped those that guarded the little parcel.

"I would have killed him, Jean."

He spoke slowly, deliberately.

"I would have killed him," he repeated.

"I am glad of that, M'seur."

Jean was unwrapping the buckskin, fold after fold of it, until at last there was revealed a roll of paper, soiled and yellow along the edges.

"These pages are taken from the day-book at the post where the woman lived," he explained softly, smoothing them under his hands. "Each day the Factor of a post keeps a reckoning of the incidents as they pass, as I have heard that sea captains do on shipboard. It has been a company law for hundreds of years. We have kept these pages to ourselves, M'seur. They tell of what happened at our post 16 years ago this winter."

As he spoke the half-breed came to Howland's side, smoothing the first page on the table in front of him, his slim forefinger pointing to the first few lines.

"They came on this day," he said, his breath close to the engineer's ear. "These are their names, M'seur—the names of the two who destroyed the paradise that our Blessed Virgin gave to us many years ago."

In an instant Howland had read the lines. His blood seemed to dry in his veins and his heart to stand still. For these were the words he read: "On this day there came to our post, from the Churchill way, John Howland and his son."

With a sharp cry he sprang to his feet, overturning the stool, facing Croisset, his hands clenched, his body bent as if about to spring. Jean stood calmly, his white teeth agleam. Then, slowly, he stretched out a hand.

"M'seur John Howland, will you read what happened to the father and mother of the little Meleese 16 years ago? Will you read, and understand why your life was sought on the Great North Trail, why you were placed on a case of dynamite in the Wekusko coyote, and why, with the coming of this morning's dawn—at 6—"

He paused, shivering. Howland seemed not to notice the tremendous effect Croisset was making to control himself. With the dazed speechlessness of one recovering from a sudden blow he turned to the table and bent over the papers that the Frenchman had laid out before him. Five minutes later he raised his head. His face was as white as chalk. Deep lines had settled about his mouth. As a sick man might, he lifted his hand and passed it over his face and through his hair. But his eyes were afire. Involuntarily Jean's body gathered itself as if to meet attack.

"I have read it," he said huskily, as though the speaking of the words caused him a great effort. "I understand now. My name is John Howland. And my father's name was John Howland. I understand."

There was silence, in which the eyes of the two men met.

"I understand," repeated the engineer, advancing a step. "And you, Jean Croisset—do you believe that I am that John Howland—the John Howland—the son-who—"

He stopped, waiting for Jean to comprehend, to speak.

"M'seur, it makes no difference what I believe now. I have but one other thing to tell you here—and one thing to give to you," replied Jean. "Those who have tried to kill you are the three brothers. Meleese is their sister. Ours is a strange country, M'seur, governed since the beginning of our time by laws which we have made ourselves. To those who are waiting above no torture is too great for you. They have condemned you to death. This morning, exactly as the minute hand of your watch counts off the hour of 6, you will be shot to death through one of these holes in the dungeon walls. And this—this note from Meleese—is the last thing I have to give you."

He dropped a folded bit of paper on the table. Mechanically Howland reached for it. Stunned and speechless, cold with the horror of his death sentence, he smoothed out the note. There were only a few words, apparently written in great haste.

"I have been praying for you all night. If God fails to answer my prayers I will still do as I have promised—and follow you. Meleese."

He heard a movement and lifted his eyes. Jean was gone. The door was swinging slowly inward. He heard the wooden bolt slip into place, and after that there was not even the sound of a moccasined foot stealing through the outer darkness.

(To be continued.)

FREE TO FARMERS

By special arrangement Ratekin's big 1911 seed catalogue, with a sample of "Diamond Joe's Big White" seed corn that made 158 bushels per acre, will be mailed free to every reader of this paper who are interested in the crops they grow. This big book tells how to make the farm and garden pay. It's worth dollars to all who plant or sow. Write for it and mention this paper. The address is RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Shenandoah, Iowa.

The New King of Siam.

Current Literature.

As the only remaining independent sovereign of a purely Buddhist land, his high majesty, Chowfa Maha Vajiravudh, who has just succeeded to the throne of Siam, is the object of the worshipful deference of millions of Asiatics. Not even the ruler of Japan bears title more glorious nor can his divine attributes be forfeited through the medium of any such humiliation as was so recently inflicted upon the Dalai Llama of Tibet. His Siamese majesty enjoys a sovereignty that remains territorial over the fertile valley of the Me-nam but is indisputably spiritual in the sanctions it possesses for the pious. "Most divine master of immortal souls," to quote one designation in his excessively long official title, the young king of Siam-soon to be crowned with a hundred and one golden diadems—is to the faithful "sovereign god of the nine kinds of gods." In personal appearance the sovereign is less awe inspiring than these titles. Short, stout, of chubbiness, olive of complexion and possessed of a pair of eyes that twinkle with humor, according to the London Mail, his majesty suggests a being of the artistic temperament.

His essential characteristics are certainly those of artistic temperament. For a Buddhist sovereign, his training has been paradoxical. He got his education in England, where the newspapers know him well and love him hugely. His biography reads like that of the eldest son of some peer of Great Britain, suggesting, indeed, anything but the Orient.

Maltreatment of Religious Orders in Portugal.

Mob excesses toward the members of religious associations, which attended the revolution, are to be deplored. Even if it were true, as claimed, that the monks and nuns, members of the societies in question, had no lawful right to be in Portugal, nevertheless they had been tolerated there, and should have received fair and reasonable notice to prepare for departure. Their summary expulsion was inhumane, and could not fail to offend the conscience of enlightened mankind. The United States gave a noble example of honor and justice in dealing with the friars of the Philippines, and Americans would be pleased to see other countries act in a similar spirit. Laws that have become obsolete through desuetude are not adequate warrant for the harsh and summary treatment of those who are accused of contravening the forgotten enactments. The Golden Rule is good for nations as well as individuals.—Henry Mann in the Christmas Columbian.

A Fine Piano at Factory Price

The largest music house in the world, Lyon & Healy, Chicago, makes a superb new scale Lyon & Healy Piano which is distinguished by its marvelous purity of tone. This piano on its own artistic merits has very few equals, even among $500 and $600 instruments. This is not mere advertising talk but the exact truth. But Lyon & Healy fix the price of the piano when it leaves the Lyon & Healy piano factory at $350 and upward. So you can make a large bona fide saving without sacrificing quality. If you would like to know more about this superb high grade piano bearing a name known the world over, write for a copy of the Lyon & Healy Piano Catalog which contains easel back illustrations of the various beautiful styles. Address Lyon & Healy, 30-34 Adams St., Chicago.

NO ENGINE LIKE THE HEART

BEHIND the automobile and the fling machine, making possible the dirigible balloon and the motor boat, is the light, powerful, always ready gas engine—the engine which explodes its fuel in its cylinders. It is the base of the mechanical marvels which excite most attention in this age of wonders, and its compactness and efficiency are greatly admired.

But there is no engine like the heart. No motor ever built equals its endurance, its smallness, for the work it does, its economy of fuel and its reliability.

When the motor of an aeroplane runs so smoothly that it gives no trouble in a six-hour flight it is considered remarkable. When an automobile engine runs without a stop or flaw for 60 or 70 hours its makers are proud of the record. If a steamship does not have to stop or slow down an engine for two or three weeks at a stretch that performance gives great satisfaction to the owners of the vessel.

No such time limits are sufficient for the heart. Its pace cannot flag materially. It must pump steadily, never stopping for even 10 seconds, not for days or weeks together, but for many years, sometimes 100 or more.

That is a marvel of self-lubricating, self-renewing, self-adjusting efficiency in a pumping engine. There is nothing in mechanics devised by man that remotely approaches the work of a very ordinary heart.

This wonderful organ weighs less than three-quarters of a pound, as a rule. It may reach that limit in a large man. It often falls to about half a pound in a woman. It is only about five inches long, at most, and three and one-half inches broad at its base. It is not over two and one-half inches thick. A compact little pump, surely, to run 70 or 80 years without stopping.

And the work the heart does is wonderful. From 70 to 80 times a minute, as a rule, it expands and contracts. Twice in less than a minute it receives and forces out again all the blood in the body, which may easily mean 18 or 14 pounds in a man. A pound of blood every second, roughly speaking, or 3,600 pounds an hour.

That means pumping about 43 tons of blood every day, and the pump weighs little over half a pound! It is equivalent to 300 tons a week, about 1,300 tons a month, or 15,600 tons a year—all done without an instant's rest and all without slackening pace for repairs.

If a man lives 80 years his heart pumps 830,000 tons of blood, in round figures, or the weight of all the people of Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and Indiana. Quite a task for a motor which weighs from eight to 12 ounces and which could easily be put in an overcoat pocket.

Such an engine—automatic, practically noiseless, so unobtrusive that a healthy man is seldom conscious of the presence of a heart in his body, except as a fact he has learned from books or teachers—surely deserves better care than it sometimes gets—a better chance for long and sound existence. It ought not to be overburdened with extreme exertion, if that strain can be avoided, and it ought not to be forced to toil encumbered with unnatural fat.

In this day of endless discussion of motors and mechanical power, a 10-ounce engine which does about as much work in a day—any and every day—as a man's legs do when he walks to the top of a mountain 3,500 feet high, is certainly entitled to admiration and a fair chance to keep in good condition.

Besides, such treatment of the heart is one of the things that can't be overlooked without grave danger to life.

Gains by the Way.

Collier's.

Already, as Edison tells us, we can read a word through 36 inches of solid wood. Of the unguessed currents and forces which play through a little room we are only at the beginning of knowledge. Within the present generation medicine suddenly leaps into a new realm, annexes the kingdom of mind, and assaults disease from a fresh vantage ground. Religion adds to her old-time emphasis of individual righteousness a new vision of social justice, calling on the fresh springs of science, without forgetting the old wells of sympathy, to irrigate and fertilize poverty and ignorance. The law itself, too often felt to be the enemy of the downtrodden and the tool of the astute, is turning its ability toward shackling hostile manifestations of massed wealth. Increasingly, industry seeks the efficiency, health and good will of its workers. Quietly, in a million homes, life is well lived, honorably ended. Education both widens its own domain and spreads itself among the unlearned. The desire for peace at home and abroad gains on men's unruly impulses. Sectionalism and factions die out. Civil wars are forgotten. The goal of the ages is nearer than it was a thousand years ago; nearer than a hundred years ago.

Wireless Electioneering.

London Chronicle.

The first election campaign to be fought by wireless telegraph is taking place at Newcastle-under-Lyme, where Captain Edward S. Grogan, the African explorer, is opposing Josiah Wedgwood.

Captain Grogan had just started on his way home from East Africa when the dissolution was announced. Ever since then he has been sending daily marconigrams to his supporters, and these are posted up in the constituency. After reaching England he will have about three days in which to work before polling day.

GOT IT

Got Something Else, Too.

"I liked my coffee strong and I drank it strong," says a Pennsylvania woman, telling a good story, "and although I had headaches nearly every day I just would not believe there was any connection between the two. I had weak and heavy spells and palpitation of the heart, too, and although husband told me he thought it was coffee that made me so poorly, and did not drink it himself for he said it did not agree with him, yet I loved my coffee and thought I just couldn't do without it.

"One day a friend called at my home—that was a year ago. I spoke about how well she was looking and she said.

"'Yes, and I feel well, too. It's because I am drinking Postum in place of ordinary coffee.'

"I said: 'What is Postum?'

"Then she told me how it was a food-drink and how much better she felt since using it in place of coffee or tea, so I sent to the store and bought a package and when it was made according to directions it was so good I have never bought a pound of coffee since. I began to improve immediately.

"I canunot tell you how much better I feel since using Postum and leaving coffee alone. My health is better than it has been for years and I cannot say enough in praise of this delicious food drink."

Take away the destroyer and put a rebuilder to work and Nature will do the rest. That's what you do when Postum takes coffee's place in your diet. "There's a Reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

I have a cherry tree bought for Early Richmond. It is 25 years old and large. It blossoms every year, but for the past 20 has never borne more than a peck of cherries. I would be pleased if some Farmstead reader would tell me what is wrong and what can be done.—P., Elkhart, Ind.

Will somebody kindly tell me how to remove rust from nickel plating?—S., Duncanville, Ill.

We have a nine-year-old horse, weight 1,200 pounds, which we use for delivery purposes. Until a year ago he was a healthy animal. Now he has sick spells which last for eight or nine hours. The symptoms are great pain, bloating and belching. Some horsemen call it acute indigestion, some flatulent colic. We would like to have the opinion of some Farmstead reader.—P., Warren, Pa.

SLOW CHURNING

In the Questions and Answers column of the Farmstead department, I see that some people have been having trouble with their cream. I had similar difficulties for three weeks. A creamery man helped me find the cause. We were milking three cows and the milk of two of them was strong and bad. To find out what milk is strong, milk each cow separately and put the milk on the stove until it is quite warm. If it is strong and bad it can be detected by the odor. The cows are "tried off" too much by being with calf. It might be possible to remedy the trouble by a change or variety of feed, or by graining higher, but we dried ours off.—F., Warren, Pa.

MAKING SAUERKRAUT

Someone wants to know how to salt sauerkraut. For ten gallons of kraut I put in one quart of salt. Let it work 14 days with a weight on it and then set it away in a cool place and it is ready for use. Leave the brine on. Everybody eats my kraut.—A., Canton, Pa.

CONCRETE POSTS

For concrete from unscreened bank gravel, one-half of the amounts of gravel required for a batch of posts should be spread out in an oblong shape, and upon this should be evenly distributed, first the full amount of cement, and then the remainder of the gravel. Two men facing each other and at the same end of the batch (and, if necessary, two at the other end), with square pointed paddy shovels, turn the dry cement and gravel with a flopping, dragging stroke.

By timing their strokes, the mixers can cause their shovels to meet regularly at the middle, which insures the complete mixing of all the materials. For a thoroughly mixed concrete no definite number of turnings can be fixed, but shoveling should be continued until the cement no longer shows in streaks or until the mixture has a uniform color. Skilful concrete turners do not lift the shovel from the board and flop over its contents as though they were flapjacks, but by gradually turning the shovel and at the same time dragging the stroke, they completely mix the dry cement and gravel in two turnings.

When the scattered materials around the edges have been thrown upon the pile, it is cut open and using a sprinkle, a sprinkler bucket or a hose with spray attachment, about three-fourths of the water required is added. Water dashed from buckets or from the ordinary nozzle of a hose causes a waste of cement.

The mixture is again turned and cut open as before. Then the remaining one-fourth of the water is added and the mixture is turned again. With careful workmen the concrete should now be well mixed; but if it shows dry spots it must be turned once more. The finished concrete should be shoveled into a compact ridge, ready to be wheeled away to the molds or to be shoveled into them.

The mixing board should be thoroughly cleaned at the close of each day's work. Persons who intend to make the manufacture of posts a business will do well to invest in a good power mixer.

In general, when crushed rock or screened gravel is used, the mixture is very similar to that of bank run gravel. The full amount of sand is spread out upon the board, and upon it the necessary cement is evenly distributed. The whole is turned until the cement no longer shows in streaks and the color of the batch is uniform. The mixture is then spread out flat, just as the sand was, and upon it the crushed rock or screened gravel is distributed evenly. Three-fourths of the required water is added and the mixing is continued as for mixing bank run gravel. In dry, hot weather it is a good plan to throw water on the pile of crushed rock before mixing.

Many things have contributed to make concrete one of the leading building materials of the day. It has shown its worth as a substitute for wood because of its moderate cost, its durability, the ease with which it is handled, the wide distribution of sand, gravel and stone which enter into its composition and the tremendous growth of the cement industry. It has been thoroughly tried and tested, not only in laboratories, but also by years of actual use by the United States government, by state agricultural colleges, by railroads and stock yards and by hundreds of farmers. It has, among other things, proved successful in the construction of fence posts.

As a material for the construction of fence posts concrete has not only very few of the disadvantages and practically all of the advantages of wooden posts, but it is, also, superior to timber in many respects. In the first cost concrete posts may be more expensive than the best wooden posts, according to the locality. This depends upon the timber supply, the deposits of gravel and rock and the skill exercised by the person making the concrete posts.

If manufactured as usual and cured for three months, concrete posts are as good as the best wooden posts of the same size. After three years' service wooden posts possess only from one-third to one-half of their original strength, whereas concrete grows stronger with age and needs no repairs, for neither weather nor fire injuries it.

Under ordinary circumstances, good concrete posts will last forever; and even if a few in the course of years should be broken by unusual strains, it is cheaper to replace these than to replace an entire fence of decayed wooden posts with posts of material with the same lack of durability.

Concrete posts are attractive in appearance because of their uniformity of size and color, and because of their durability they effect a saving in giving greater life to the fencing material used, so that the permanent value of the property is increased.

GROWING ALFALFA

The time to sow alfalfa depends entirely upon the location. In the south it may be sown in the fall. In the northern states and in irrigated sections the seeding should not be done till spring. We believe that in any state north of the southern line of Missouri the seeding should be done in the spring. We are aware that weeds are the greatest enemies of the plant and that spring seeding is generally more liable to be smothered out by weeds than fall seeding; still, we believe that if proper attention is paid to the preparation of the soil and to the between the time the ground is plowed and the seed is sown, that the weeds can be held in check until the plants are tall enough to smother them out.

We believe that soil intended for alfalfa should be plowed early in the fall before any of the weeds have gone to seed. If the ground becomes dry enough to work in the spring before danger of frost is past the plant should be disked every week till all such danger is over. Then the seed should be sown. We know of a great many farmers who follow the rule of sowing the seed about the time they would plant their corn. This is considered a little late by some, but we have always noticed that those who have adopted this rule rarely have any trouble getting a stand of alfalfa.

There are several ways of successfully getting the seed into the ground. A great many disk the ground well, then harrow it twice and sow the seed. After this harrow the ground once with a smoothing harrow. The covering must be very light. Many times, if the seed is sown just before a rain, no other covering is necessary. Usually about 15 to 20 pounds of seed are sufficient per acre; however, the heavier it is sown up to a certain amount the better will be the quality of the hay. If the soil is reasonably rich and contains an average amount of moisture it is a good idea to sow about 25 pounds per acre. To get a good quality of hay the plants should be close enough together so that the stem will be small and not woody, as is the case when there is considerable distance between the rows. If the crop is sown for seed, then it is many times better to sow only about 15 pounds per acre. The plant has a better opportunity to produce better and more vital seed.

The ideal soil for alfalfa is a mellow loam with a permeable subsoil. However, alfalfa will grow and thrive upon a variety of soils, except those with a very compact subsoil which is close to the surface. In other words, it does not do well on hard pan soils. Good drainage is one of the essential things in the growing of alfalfa and if there is so much hard pan so near the surface that the soil will remain wet during a part of the season, you cannot hope to raise alfalfa profitably upon it. The plant will be killed in a few days if the water remains upon the field. The plant will not do well upon acid soils. The common sour soils of the farm will not make an ideal seed bed for the plant. By giving the soil an application of lime they may be made fit for the plant. Lime corrects sour soils, and alfalfa is a gross feeder upon lime. A plat that is ideal for corn will produce alfalfa profitably. The statement that the forage will grow wherever corn grows applies both as to latitude and to character of the soil.

The better plan is to sow the seed about the time you would plant corn, in the way suggested above. Of course a number of weeds will spring up, but when they are about three or four inches high go over the ground with the mowing machine and clip them off about three inches from the ground. It may be necessary to clip the weeds two or three times during the summer, but do not lose heart. They will not shade the ground any more between cuttings than the nurse crop will all spring and summer, and when you see weeds growing, you are more prompt to remove them from the crop of alfalfa than you would if you had some other crop growing as a nurse. By the first of July you will have all of the weeds destroyed, and the rest of the summer the alfalfa plants can grow unhindered. After each clipping the ground should be raked and the cut weeds removed. After the first three months no further attention need to be paid, as the plants will be sufficiently rooted and grown to smother the weeds.

PROTECTING TREES

Charles A. Scott, forester of the Kansas State Agricultural college, gives this advice for protecting trees against the assault of rabbits:

Rabbits, no doubt, destroy more newly planted trees than any other single cause with which the tree planter has to contend.

Perhaps the simplest and cheapest method is that of wrapping the stem of each tree with a strip of building paper. This costs but little and is easily and quickly applied. Before going to the field the paper should be cut in strips wide enough to insure two wraps of the stem. To hold the paper securly in place, it should be tied in at least two places with good, strong cord. Any of the ordinary building papers will withstand the exposure throughout an entire winter and the following summer it will gradually break down and disappear without having to be taken off. The cord will lose its strength and break under the pressure of the tree as the latter increases in diameter. The cord has this advantage over wire ties. Unless the wire is removed in time it cuts and injures the tree very seriously.

To protect the tree against early attacks they should be wrapped at once. If this work is delayed until later in the season, as is often the case, many of the trees will be girdled that might well be saved by earlier wrapping.

How an Old Hunter Cooks Wild Ducks.

Cor. Portland Oregonian.

Many persons imagine a wild duck should only be roasted or baked, whereas that is the poorest and most unsatisfactory method of all. Nine times out of ten a baked wild duck comes to the table dry and shrunken till there is nothing but the flavor and a little meat on the breast and thighs left.

A better way is to joint two or three ducks (three to five if they are teal or butter ducks) into small pieces, put in a pot with pickled pork, sliced short, and one good sized onion to the duck. Salt to suit the taste, and set on a slow fire, where they should stew gently four hours, never less than three. After this has cooked down to a sort of brown pot roast the whole will be found succulent, juicy and tender. Try it. The less water used in dressing ducks and all wild game the better.

Killed Limit of Deer on One Shot.

In the recent deer hunting season in Michigan at least three Upper Peninsula men were successful in filling their licenses as the result of a single shot. Sheriff Turnbull, of Luce county, was one of these. Two deer were standing together. The sheriff fired at one, the ball passing through its body and killing the other animal about 40 rods away.

Paul Laabs, Sagola, Dickinson county, found two bucks engaged in a battle. A shot from Laab's rifle killed the spike-horn and other was so weak from the loss of blood that it expired as soon as released.

Prof. Hill, superintendent of schools at Crystal Falls, is the third man who bagged two deer with one shot. One of his trophies was a dead deer, however. The animals had been engaged in a battle, during which their antlers had become interlocked, and one of the combatants was dead. Prof. Hill shot the living animal.

A Valuable Apple Tree.

Pay Streak.

Thirty thousand dollars was the sum recently offered an eastern Washington nursery company for an apple tree located near Lake Chelan. The proffer was made by a syndicate which desired to propagate the tree. It was turned down by the nursery company, which will develop the fruit itself.

The tree is 20 years old and is called the Chelan. The fruit is golden yellow and is said to be different from that of any other apple grown in Washington. It is also said to possess exceptional keeping qualities, a box having been kept in storage in Spokane for two years without any marked deterioration.

Twenty years ago, the story runs, an Indian planted a handful of apple seeds, three of which grew. The fruit of but one of the trees was good for anything. The tree is now of great size and a prolific bearer. Last year at the national apple show at Spokane fruit from the tree took first prize for new varieties of apples.

Wild Sheep of Africa.

Pall Mall Gazette.

The Barbary sheep is of interest chiefly as the only wild sheep in the whole of Africa and is easily distinguished from the other by the long beard or fringe of hair in front of the neck.

One peculiarity of this creature is the facility with which it can be tamed. When I made an unsuccessful raid on its haunts, over 5,000 feet up in the Atlas, 12 years ago, I was told by many of the natives that some of the mountain chieftains had tame specimens about their castles. The kaid of Gundafi, who entertained me on the occasion, was not at the time in possession of a living specimen, but he gave me a fine trophy of one shot by him a few weeks earlier. The weather was hot, however, and the sheep had retreated to the summits.

Lease of a Tree.

Vancouver Cor. Portland Oregonian.

A fir tree on the high bank of the Lewis river has been leased for a period of 15 years to be used as a telephone pole.

The owner and leaser of the tree is Mrs. Mary Bratton, who leased the tree to the Etna Telephone Co. This unusual telephone pole is described as being on the north fork of the Lewis river, 175 feet above the Woodland ferry landing, and 100 feet below the south line of the Robert Barr place.

Hog Cholera

WHY LET HOGS DIE OF CHOLERA

The Snoddy Remedy will stop the diseased hogs and save the sick hogs and stop further developments of the disease on those not yet sick, it is also the greatest worm exterminator and thrift producer on the market.

Snoddy's free booklet which explains the whole method of saving diseased hogs or keeping well hogs clear of worms and thrifty will be sent free by return mail to any person who will send his name and address to the Snoddy Remedy Co., Sta. T, Alton, Ill.

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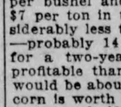

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RESULTS GIVEN IN FEEDING TRIALS

Nebraska Experiment Station Makes Public Its Latest Findings.

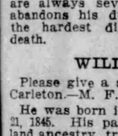
The Nebraska experiment station has just issued Bulletin 116, which includes the results of several experiments in cattle feeding. Part I. deals with foodstuffs as aff

What Ails You?

Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in morning, "heart-burn," belching of gas, acid risings in throat after eating, stomach gnaw or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea at times and kindred symptoms?

If you have any considerable number of the above symptoms you are suffering from biliousness, torpid liver with indigestion, or dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made up of the most valuable medicinal principles known to medical science for the permanent cure of such abnormal conditions. It is a most efficient liver invigorator, stomach tonic, bowel regulator and nerve strengthener.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not a patent medicine or secret nostrum, a full list of its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. A glance at these will show that it contains no alcohol, or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is a fluid extract made with pure, triple-refined glycerine, of proper strength, from the roots of native American medical, forest plants. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Props., Buffalo, N. Y.



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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Dont' ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

DESERTION FROM U. S. ARMY

What is the punishment for desertion from the U. S. army?—J. W. F., Fredonia, Kan.

In the United States desertion from the army or navy in time of war is subject to court martial, which nearly always means a sentence of death. Desertion under ordinary conditions is punishable by dishonorable discharge and five years' hard labor. The U. S. government offers a monetary reward for the arrest and delivery of a deserter, the sum usually ranging from $20 to $30. In every civilized country the laws against desertion are always severe upon the man who abandons his duty, punishing him with the hardest discipline, and sometimes death.

WILL CARLETON

Please give a sketch of the life of Will Carleton.—M. F. R., Ionia, Mich.

He was born in Hudson, Mich., October 21, 1845. His parents were of New England ancestry, traced back to old England. Will Carleton, while attending a district school, managed to study Latin and a little Greek and continued advanced studies at a high school, to and from which he walked five miles every day. He had an early fondness for poetry. His chief ambition was to enter college, when the course of the high school was finished, but his father was struggling to pay off a mortgage and could not help him, and the young man began to look for a position as a school teacher. This he found and on a weekly salary of $4 saved enough to pay part of his college expenses. He entered Hillsdale college, Michigan, in 1865. During his junior year he wrote a political poem entitled Fax, and delivered it in a small town near Hillsdale, meeting with marked favor and thereby securing engagements from lyceum bureaus and literary societies. While a student and during an excursion into the country, he chanced to visit a poorhouse, and the following day wrote the first draft of one of his best known poems. This, however, was not immediately published. He was graduated in 1869, and at the public exercises delivered a poem entitled Rifts in the Cloud. He was offered a position on a Chicago paper, as for six months' time he returned to Hillsdale to do journalistic work. In 1870 he became editor of the Detroit Tribune. A number of his poems were well known by this time, especially the Decoration Day lines, Over Them Over; but on gathering together what he had written he could find no one to publish the volume, and Poems, his first work, was published at his own expense in 1871. About that time he began to frequent the courts in search of material, and being impressed by the triviality of the grounds on which most persons based their applications for divorce, wrote the poems, Betsy and I Are Out, and How Betsy and I Made Up.

Calls to the lecture field were received and in 1872 Mr. Carleton gave up journalism to devote himself to authorship and lecturing. He was the originator of what are now known as "authors' readings," and in his tours he has visited all parts of the United States and the cities of Canada and Great Britain and the American colonies on the continent of Europe. The sales of his books both in this country and in Europe have been enormous. Since 1884 Mr. Carleton lived in Brooklyn, N. Y., and for a number of years has been the editor of an illustrated magazine.

PLAYING CARDS

I would like to have the Question Bureau give the origin of playing cards.—G. L. C., Sullivan, O.

Playing cards are probably an invention of the East, and some assert that the Arabs or Saracens learned the use of cards from the gypsies and spread them in Europe. The course that card playing took in its diffusion through Europe shows that it must have come from the East, for it was found in the eastern and southern countries before it was in the western. The historical traces of the use of cards are found earliest in Italy, then in Germany, France and Spain. The first cards were painted, and the Italian cards of 1299 were found to have been so. The art of printing cards was discovered by the Germans in 1350 and 1360. The Germans have, moreover, made many changes in cards, both in the figures and in the names. The first certain trace of card playing in France occurred in the year 1361, and Charles VI. is said to have amused himself with it during his sickness at the end of the fourteenth century. The modern figures were invented in France between the years 1430 and 1461. It has been said that cards were known in Spain as early as 1332; but what is certain is that card playing must have become prevalent in the course of the century seeing that it was prohibited by the king of Castile, John I., in 1461.

HETTY GREEN

Will the Question Bureau give a sketch of the life of Hetty Green?—H. H. G., Altmar, N. Y.

Hetty Howland Robinson Green, the financier, was born in New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 21, 1835. She was the daughter of Edward Mott Robinson, who died in 1865 leaving her a large fortune. Hetty Green was educated at Mrs. Lowell's school in Boston. Two years after the death of her father she married Edward H. Green of New York, who died in 1902. Mrs. Green is the mother of Edward Howland Robinson Green, the railway president, who lives in Terrell, Texas. Mrs. Green is probably the greatest woman financier in America. She is interested in nearly every large corporation and enterprise of magnitude all over the world, personally manages her large property in stocks, bonds and real estate in Chicago, New York and elsewhere.

POINSETTIA

Will you please tell what you can about the poinsettia plant?—M. J. Z., Athens, Tenn.

The shrub called the poinsettia is a native of shady and damp tropical and sub-tropical Central America and Mexico, where it was introduced into cultivation by Dr. Poinsett, of Charleston, S. C., and distributed by Robert Buist of Philadelphia. The plant attains a height of six feet or more, surrounded by brilliant vermillion bracts, for which the plant has become famous as a greenhouse subject. These bracts, in well grown specimens, often extend nine inches on each side of the center. They are sometimes cut for decorative purposes, but usually the plants are left in pots. In mild climates, such as Bermuda, southern Florida and California, the plants are grown out of doors, but they never reach perfection and must generally be grouped with other plants to conceal their bare, crooked stems.

GENERAL STERLING PRICE

I would like to have you give a brief account of the life of General Sterling Price.—R. L. H., Hubbardston, Mich.

Sterling Price, the American soldier, was born September 11, 1809, and died September 29, 1869. After his graduation from college he studied law and began practice in Missouri. In 1840 he was elected to the Missouri house of representatives, being speaker of this body until 1844, when he was elected to congress. When the Mexican war broke out he resigned his seat and organized a cavalry regiment, of which he was commissioned colonel. Under General Kearney he marched with his men from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fe, where he was left in charge, and upon being attacked by the Mexicans he repulsed them severely and completed the conquest of California. In 1847 he was promoted brigadier-general of volunteers, became military governor of Chihuahua, and in the following year won a decisive victory over the Mexicans at Santa Cruz de Rosales. From 1853 to 1857 he was governor of Missouri, and in 1861 presided over the convention called to decide the secession question. He was a "Conditional Union" man, but later joined the Confederacy, and in 1861 was appointed major-general of state forces, participating under General McCulloch in the defeat of the union forces at Wilson's creek in August of that year. He then captured Lexington on the Missouri, but was forced to retreat before Fremont. He served under Van Dorn at Pea Ridge in 1862 and was appointed major-general in the confederate army. He was actively engaged in different battles during the remainder of the war. In 1864 he succeeded in preventing General Steele's advance toward Red river, and later made a raid into Missouri. Price was driven into southwestern Arkansas at the close of the war and after the surrender he lived in Mexico until 1866.

GENERAL GEORGE CROOK

I would be pleased to have the Question Bureau give a biography of General George Crook.—S. C., Wapakoneta, O.

George Crook, the American military officer, was born near Dayton, Ohio, September 8, 1828, and died March 1, 1890. In 1852 he graduated from the United States military academy and rose to the rank of major-general. He fought in the civil war, distinguished himself at South Mountain, Antietam, Chickamauga and Appomattox, and after the war achieved celebrity in campaigns against the Indians as commander of the districts of Idaho and Arizona, from 1868 until his death he commanded the military division of the Missouri.

THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS

Please tell what you can about the phrase, "The men behind the guns," was used the first time.—S. S. C., Hanover, Mich.

The origin of the phrase, "The men behind the guns," has been traced back to Napoleon. That general, upon hearing of the victory of Jackson at New Orleans, sent to America for samples of the guns that had wrought such havoc among General Pakenham's forces. When his messenger returned, stating that the weapon used by the Americans was the ordinary flintlock hunting rifle of the American frontiersman, Napoleon said: "I see how it is. It was not the guns, but the men behind the guns. Had I such soldiers as these I could conquer the world." In 1898 Admiral Dewey gave the phrase currency by saying that the victory in Manila bay was due to the men behind the guns.

THE SPEED OF VESSELS

I would like to know how the speed of vessels is measured.—R. G., Rowland, Ala.

The common method for measuring the speed of a ship is by the use of the "log," and it is also the most ancient. This instrument has three parts, the logship, the line and the marks. The logship is simply a piece of wood about half an inch thick, sharpened something like a quadrant, a piece of lead being inserted round the circular edge to make it float perpendicularly in the water. It is slung by lines at each angle, all three lines being joined together about two feet from the logship. Two of these lines fastened securely to the "ship" temporarily secures it there. From a juncture of the three lines a length is measured, usually about 50 feet, to take the logship clear of the ship's work. This is called the "stray end," it being marked with a piece of bunting. From this marking 7 feet and 3 inches is measured, and the line marked at that point with a small piece of leather, then another equal distance is measured off, it being marked with two knots, then another, which is marked with three knots, and so on until the last space measured is marked with seven knots. Midway between each marking of knots one single knot is made. This gives us the log line all ready for practical use. There is also a patent log which is purely mechanical, consisting of a long cylinder having clockwork inside of it and on the outside four fins. It is dragged through the water, the fins making it revolve, setting the clockwork in motion registering on a series of dials the distance run.

KING GEORGE

Was King George of England married twice and did he live with his first wife?—W. F. G., Hendersonville, N. C.

George Frederick Ernest Albert, king of England, was born June 3, 1865, July 6, 1893, he married the present queen of England. When a boy, George did not receive his education in universities. No efforts were made to bring him up with the view that he would some day ascend to the throne, for he was only the second son of the king. But in 1892 the elder son died, leaving George as heir to the throne. Most of his boyhood he spent in training for the sea, which life he followed for some time. It has been said that George had another wife before he was married to the present one. The story runs that he was secretly wedded in 1891 to the niece of Vice Admiral Tryon, of the British navy. The wedding took place in the English church in Malta. The couple lived together openly at Malta and had two children. But this marriage was contrary to all custom, for members of the royal family are forbidden by law to marry commoners. According to another story, the morganatic wife was the daughter of a British naval officer who later became Admiral Seymour.

NATHAN GOFF

Please tell what you can about the life of Nathan Goff.—G. B., Ingo, W. Va.

Nathan Goff was born at Clarksburg, Va., Feb. 9, 1843. He acquired a thorough education both in the public schools and in college, being a graduate of the University of the City of New York. He studied law and at the age of 22 was admitted to the bar. In 1861 Goff enlisted in the third regiment Virginia volunteer infantry; served as lieutenant, also as adjutant of the regiment, and as major of the 4th Virginia Volunteer cavalry. At the close of the war he again entered his law office and practiced successfully. Goff also became interested in politics, being a conspicuous figure in the state and national Republican conventions. In 1867 he was elected a member of the legislature and took an active part in the legislation of those troublesome times. The following year he was appointed U. S. attorney for the district of West Virginia, to which position he was reappointed in 1872, 1876 and 1880. In 1870 he entered congress, and in 1874 was reelected. Two years later he was a candidate for governor of West Virginia, but was defeated. In 1881 he resigned as position as district attorney to accept that of secretary of navy, which was tendered him by President Hayes. When Garfield became president Goff was again appointed district attorney of the same state, which position he resigned in 1882. He was then elected to three successive congresses, serving on the naval and other important committees with ability. In 1890 Goff became a candidate for governor. The vote was very close; charges of fraud were made, and upon investigation the office was awarded to Mr. Fleming, Mr. Goff's opponent.

THE BLACK HILLS

Please give a description of the Black Hills of South Dakota.—A. D. S., Randalia, Ia.

The Black Hills is a region in South Dakota extending into Wyoming. In 1876 it was purchased from the Indians, for whom it had been one of the finest hunting grounds in the western part of the country. Two years after the purchase thousands of miners went there, and in 1880 there had already sprung into existence three towns, Deadwood, Central City and Leadville. Around these lay also groups of smaller towns and villages. From 1880 the gold mines yielded about $4,000,000 annually, and the silver mines about $3,000,000 annually. The region is also rich in copper, lead, iron and mica. The soil is fertile and hills have abundant facilities for the grazing of cattle. Thrifty farmers have settled there, and many of them have good farms and fine improvements.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. E. H., Bolivar, Tenn.—Ask some reputable family physician to answer your question.

L. L. B., Smithfield, Pa.—Edward Braddock was never a governor of Virginia.

E. D. C., New Weston, O.—The Danger Trail is on sale at bookstores or by the publishers.

MARSAN

Continued from First Page.

ness I could muster, "you have used words to me which you will some day regret. I am Paul de Marsan and no spy. We of Marsan have been liege to Cadillac for two hundred years and have always aided them to fight their batles. I come to warn M. le Comte of a great danger which threatens him, but seem to have fallen into a nect of madmen."

Letourge looked at me with working lips.

"Think not your tongue can save your head," he sneered. "You have come to the end of the journey. Will you lay down your sword, or shall I call in a dozen lacqueys to take it from you?"

There was but one course for a gentleman to choose. I glanced desperately about the room. He and d'Aurilly stood between me and the door into the outer hall. There was only one other, the door through which he had entered.

"Monsieur," I cried, "I shall not lay down my sword uptil my hand is powerless to hold it!"

With a cry of rage he sprang towards the hall to summon aid, while with one bound I was at the other door, and felt with joy that it yielded to my touch. As I slammed it shut behind me I saw that it had a bolt on the inner side, and shot it into place just as those without threw themselves against it. It could hold but a few moments at the most, and I cast my eyes about the room for some way of escape.

I saw that it was a sleeping room, the great, curtained bed occupying one side. A single candle burning on a table near it illumined the room but feebly, yet there was light enough to show me a window opposite the bed. I ran to it and threw back the shutter with a crash. The window was barred. I glanced again about the room. There was no other window—no other door but that by which I had entered, and which was already creaking under the blows rained upon it. I must die here, then, like a rat in a trap. Well, I would not die alone!

"What is this?" cried a voice from the bed. "Name of God! Did I not tell you, Gaspard, that I wanted quiet? Are you pulling the house down? Answer me, man!"

The curtains were jerked apart and a face appeared between them—a horrible face, swollen and bandaged. He listened a moment to the blows and cries without, then got unsteadily to his feet and took a sword from the chair at his bedside, cursing softly to himself the while. And as he turned his eyes fell upon me.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "What do you here?"

A spark of hope sprang to life in my breast.

"I am Paul de Marsan," I explained. "I have a message for M. le Comte de Cadillac."

He sat down heavily upon a chair. "Very well," he said. "I am he. But that does not explain this cursed uproar."

My hat was off and I was on my knee before him in an instant. Perhaps here I should get justice. The door was already splitting. I had need to speak quickly.

"M. le Comte," I cried, "believe me, I am your faithful and devoted servant. I have journeyed fifty leagues to bring you a message of great moment to your house. Yet when I came here and asked to see you that I might give you this message, I was called a spy, set upon, and threatened with the gibebt."

"But why—why?" he asked.

"I do not know, Monsieur," I answered.

He looked me for an instant in the eyes.

"M. de Marsan," he said, "I believe you. Get behind my chair. I will protect you from these fools."

It was time. Even as he spoke there came a mighty crash against the door, as of a heavy log hurled upon it, and it leaped from its hinges. The mob poured into the room, headed by d'Aurilly and Letourge. For an instant, in the semi-darkness, they did not see me standing there behind their master, then they were upon me with a yell of rage.

But M. le Comte was out of his chair, his sword advanced.

"One step more," he cried, "and I strike! Letourge, d'Aurilly, you shall answer for this with your necks! Are you mad?"

The mob stopped on the instant. Plainly they knew that when their master struck, he struck home.

"He is a spy, Monsieur!" cried Letourge. "He hath come hither to assassinate you—to complete the work he began in the Rue Gogard!"

M. le Comte started round upon me, his eyes wild with passion. He snatched the candle from the table and thrust it near my face, his lips a-quiver. He held it a moment so, and then set it down again.

"Liar and traitor," he said, in a voice shaking with rage, "what bravado brought you here I cannot guess, or what hope you could have had that once my hand was on you, you could escape my vengeance!"

I stood staring at him with open mouth. Had he, too, gone mad?

"Were it not for this wound which crazes me," he went on after a moment, "I would have you hung this instant. But I myself am hungering to see you kick your life out at a rope's end, so we will defer that pleasure till tomorrow. Take him, men!" he added, and stepped suddenly away from me.

They came on with a yell, and I had but time to slash open the face of the first one, when they had me down, and I thought for a moment would tear me limb from limb. But their master quieted them with the flat of his sword as he would have quieted a pack of hounds.

"To the lower dungeon with him!" he cried, and stood watching as they dragged me away, his hands to his face, his eyes dark with pain and rage. I would have spoken even then, and the words might have saved me, but that d'Aurilly clapped his hand upon my mouth, and with a curse bade me hold my tongue. Out into the hall they dragged me, using me more roughly now that they were from under their master's eyes, and down a long flight of steps. At the stair-foot they paused a moment and I heard the rattle of bolts. A door was clanged back and I was pitched forward into the inky pit beyond.

(To be continued.)

A RESUME OF THE EVENTS OF THE PAST YEAR

It was a year of wonders overhead—Halley's comet in the spring, with its tail enveloping us in May; Chavez, in an aeroplane, over the Alps; Moisant, the American, across the English channel with a passenger; the American Johnstone up nearly 10,000 feet above the earth's surface; huge passenger carrying airships traveling at railroad speed, on schedule time along regularly laid out and maintained air routes, between important German cities, with the travelers enjoying all the luxuries of the Pullman compartment car, including a game of bridge; and a daring band of Americans, under the leadership of Walter Wellman, essaying a trip in a dirigible from New World to Qld.

It was a year that caused us to marvel at the announcement that Professor Paul Ehrlich, of Berlin, had at last found a cure for a dread disease that for 400 years, to man's certain knowledge, has been causing untold woe and death to a countless multitude in Europe, to say nothing of the rest of the world.

It was a year that brought the world, mourning, about the bier of a monarch of that empire on which the sun never sets, and the last resting place of Russia's great novelist and idealist.

It was a year when we of America beheld a fellow citizen, emerging from primeval jungle, received with the highest honors by the heads of great powers and showered with honors by the classes and the masses of the people wherever he traveled in Europe.

WORLD AGHAST AT CHOLERA

In the year we stood aghast at the ravages of the cholera in Russia, where more than 100,000 lives were claimed by the disease during the summer months. We were horror-stricken at the wiping out in the autumn of entire towns and hundreds of lives by forest fires in northern Minnesota; at the attempt of a discharged city employe to assassinate Mayor Gaynor, of New York, on August 9, as he was sailing for a holiday in Europe.

We viewed for a week the spectacular sight of Paris in the grip of a mighty flood that left in its wake a money loss of $200,000,000. We sighed regretfully when, on August 27, Korea, quaintest of lands, passed from the company of the nations after a national existence of 10 centuries and became a mere vassalage of Japan. The day following we felt as though we were present at a performance of a comic opera in real life when Nicholas of Montenegro converted his little mountain principality into a kingdom, and took a new title befitting his altered rank.

A YEAR OF WORLD UNREST

Yet, important or interesting or entertaining as these and other events more or less like unto them seemed at the time of their happening, they were simply happenings of a moment, a day, a week, a fortnight, a month or a season. The one great overpowering, ever-present event of 1910 practically the world over was pronounced political and economic unrest, manifesting itself in various guises and with widely varying results.

In our own country, this spirit of unrest centering about the new tariff and the high cost of living led to an interesting dramatic ballot-box decision in favor of the long-down-and-out Democratic party. In Portugal it snatched a crown from a pleasure-seeking boy's head and raised up in his stead an aged university professor and poet as the new republic's first president. In France it brought about a nation-wide strike of railway employes, an industrial movement that at one period seemed to imperil the life of the republic itself.

In England it led to a general election in January, and another general appeal to the electorate during the closing month, preponderatingly over the question of limiting the legislative powers of the house of lords, and barring the few weeks that the British were engaged in mourning for their dead king and acclaiming his son as George V., that question, and the ones allied with it in the Liberal program of reform, kept them in bitter turmoil the entire year.

DIAZ FOR THE EIGHTH TIME

Profirio Diaz, inaugurated president of Mexico for the eighth time on December 1, was called upon the month before to put down an apparently carefully planned rebellion. Spain seemed to be on the edge of revolution from mixed courses the year throughout; it was an armed camp. In Japan hoary political ideals were so shaken that there was discovered a plot to assassinate the Mikado, hitherto venerated by all Japanese as a sort of superman, or demi-god. In Germany Socialist and suffrage demonstrations were numerous, several leading to serious rioting; while Greece and Turkey, with Crete once more the bone of contention, seemed several times to be on the verge of war, Greece's problems being augmented by internal dissatisfaction and a desire for a new and more liberal constitution.

Though the regent of China, Prince Chun, on October 3 marked a new epoch in the empire's history when he opened the new senate, a few weeks later the government was petitioned to grant further representative government, and not to postpone the assembling of a parliament until 1915, on the ground that the intervening time would be necessary to educate the people to an appreciation of constitutional government.

BALLOT BOX REVOLUTION

Until the November elections confirmed the suspicion that a political revolution had been in progress in the United States a revolution which was foreshadowed, perhaps not indistinctly, by the September upheaval in Maine, the reduced majorities in Vermont and elsewhere, and "insurgent" and "progressive" primary triumphs in other commonwealths, notably in the west, the year 1910 had not been epochal as far as Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces were concerned. True, there had been the homecoming and attendant welcoming of Theodore Roosevelt. But the political landslide in its eleventh month transformed the year into one of the historic twelve-months of the century for the country. In the forcible colloquialism of Mr. Roosevelt—paraphrased slightly to fit the occasion—the dominant party was whipped to a frazzle and put over the ropes, losing the lower house of congress, governorships, state legislatures and federal senatorships in wholesale fashion.

THAT TIDAL WAVE

The Democratic tidal wave, beginning with the election of Frederick W. Plaisted as governor of Maine, had an even more pointed illustration in the greatly reduced Republican majorities in such states as Pennsylvania, Iowa and Rhode Island than in the positive Democratic victories in New York, New Jersey and Ohio. Pennsylvania's enormous Republican majorities of the past—it gave Theodore Roosevelt a plurality of 505,000 in 1904—shrank to about 18,000 for John K. Tener for governor; Aram J. Pothier had but 900 Republican plurality in Rhode Island; and Carroll, in Iowa, received only 18,000 plurality against 108,000 two years ago. John A. Dix's majority of 66,000 showed a smaller Republican loss than occurred in Pennsylvania, Ohio or New Jersey. Woodrow Wilson in New Jersey and Eugene N. Foss in Massachusetts achieved remarkable personal triumphs, the former being a winner by a plurality of 49,360 and the latter by 33,000, after a campaign of only two weeks. In Connecticut Judge Simeon E. Baldwin was elected by the Democrats by 3,000 majority, while in Ohio Governor Judson Harmon was reelected by the largest majority—about 100,000—ever given to a Democrat in that state. He is also the first Democratic chief executive of that state ever to be reelected.

COMFORT FOR G. O. P.

In the 27 states holding gubernatorial elections, the Republicans derived some comfort from the fact that Michigan rolled up a standard Republican majority; Minnesota broke off the habit of electing a Democratic chief executive; the party standard bearer in Nebraska defeated a Democrat, thanks to Bryan's bolt of his party's candidate; by the aid of independent Democrats, a Republican will sit in the gubernatorial mansion of Tennessee for a term, and Nevada preferred a Republican to another Democrat.

Democratic senators will succeed Republicans in Indiana, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Ohio and West Virginia; for the first time in 13 years in Indiana, the Democrats control every branch of the state government the two United States senators and all but one representative in the house. In the senate the Progressive Republicans, generally successful in the election, both as to state candidates and congressional, will hold the balance of power, while the next house will have 227 Democrats, 163 Republicans, and one Socialist, a Democrat majority of 63. The strength of the Progressive movement in the Republican party was foreshadowed by the September primary elections held in many of the states. In Michigan Senator Burrows met defeat at the hands of Charles E. Townsend, a Progressive. In Wisconsin Senator La Follette carried the primaries by one of the most sweeping victories of his career. In Washington Representative Poindexter, one of the most aggressive insurgents in the Sixty-first congress, won his fight. Hiram Johnson, Insurgent candidate for governor of California, triumphed at the August primaries. Governor Stubbs, of Kansas, who was an early recruit to the Progressive cause, was renominated. Robert P. Bass, Progressive candidate for governor of New Hampshire, won at the primaries.

WHAT THE SOCIALISTS DID

In Wisconsin, the Socialist strength, shown last spring in the election of Mayor Seidel, of Milwaukee, became powerful enough in November to carry the entire Socialist ticket in Milwaukee county and to elect the one lone Socialist who will sit in the next Congress—Victor L. Berger, the first member of his party to reach the national legislature. In Pennsylvania the Socialists were in force sufficient to displace the Democracy in the third column in the official ballot, and will get the Democratic quota of watchers at the polls in the next election. They also elected a member to the legislature for the first time. Minneapolis came within 1,000 votes of electing a Socialist mayor. The Socialist vote throughout the country approximated 720,000, an increase of 75 per cent over 1908.

Woman suffrage was an issue in four states—Oklahoma, South Dakota, Oregon and Washington. It was adopted only in the last named state, making five states in which women have full rights at the polls—Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Washington. As a result of the Colorado election four women will sit in the state lower house. In Oregon the voters faced the responsibility of the referendum for the first time, no less than 32 propositions being submitted to them.

PORTUGAL BECOMES A REPUBLIC

The other startling political revolution of the year, and one in which bullets, not ballots, played the leading part, occurred in Portugal on October 4, when the Republican party, with the assistance of the army and navy, overthrew the Braganza dynasty in a few hours of fighting and established in its stead a republic, with a venerable poet and a university professor, Theophile Braga, as provisional president.

For years the throne of Portugal had been tottering, and for months the republican leaders had been plotting assiduously for its overthrow not later than Christmas, 1910. In the midst of their planning came the murder of Bombarda, a well known Republican and anti-clerical, and this was seized upon by the revolutionists as an opportunity. On the night of October 4, at a preconceived signal, several warships in the harbor of Lisbon were seized by the revolutionary members of the crews and the royal palace and government buildings bombarded at the same time that various regiments came boldly out on the side of the revolutionists and seized the approaches to and occupied the strategic points of the city. King Manuel, whose extravagances and devotion to a French music hall dancer had aroused the indignation of his poverty and tax ridden subjects, together with his mother and the queen dowager, were permitted to escape to the royal yacht, which bore them to Gibraltar, where they remained for a brief period before taking up their residence in that asylum for cast-off royalty—England.

Other countries in which the force of arms played a part in emphasizing the presence of more or less general or special unrest were Mexico and Nicaragua. In September, the one hundredth anniversary of Mexican Independence was celebrated, together with the eightieth birthday of President Porfirio Diaz. At that time the nation appeared to give itself up unreservedly to the gala occasion, and, in the large cities at least, there was no external evidence of profound discontent with the existing order of things. Later it developed that for at least four years the United States department of state and the officials of the Mexican government had been watching the unfolding of a carefully plotted revolutionary movement for the overthrow of President Diaz. This was followed by numerous insurgent outbreaks late in November, especially in the northern districts of the republic, which resulted in a considerable loss of life and property, but the government held a firm hand in the crisis and the armed insurrection was largely at an end by December 1, when Diaz was again inaugurated president.

The revolution in Nicaragua was really a left-over from 1909. There were almost daily battles between the hostile forces; but finally, on August 26, President Madriz fled from the capital and General Estrada, the victor, proclaimed himself provisional president and set about to have himself elected president for two years.

YEAR OF CONTENTION IN GREAT BRITAIN

The difference between the House of Lords and the House of Commons served to keep Great Britain in a political turmoil throughout the entire year, and twice made recourse to the ballot box necessary. General elections began on January 10, when the second parliament of King Edward VII, was dissolved and writs issued for a new one to meet on February 21. In this election—the campaign leading up to it having been hotly waged mainly around the government's proposition to limit the Lord's power of veto, based on the budget—the Liberals were returned to power, with but one vote over their Unionist opponents, a result that seemed to satisfy nobody, since it practically left all the disputed questions unsettled.

FRANCE'S GREAT CRISIS

The premier industrial manifestation of world unrest—and one that held for a time momentous political possibilities—occurred in France. The National Confederation of Railway Unions, on October 12, voted in favor of a general strike on all the railroad systems in the country; electricians and workers in the provision industries were already on strike. Great disorder and violence ensued for nearly a week, but Premier Briand, himself a Socialist and a friend of organized labor, called out the army reservists, some of them among the strikers themselves, and demanded their aid in putting down disorder, declaring that their primary duty was to the country. On this issue he let it be known that the government would stand or fall, and because of his firmness the strike was called off, but not before the republic itself had seemed in danger from the revolutionary movement coupled with the strike.

LABOR'S UNREST

Industrial unrest, due in part, at least, to the high cost of living that was pretty general both in this country and in Europe, led to numerous important strikes, not infrequent rioting, and much agitation for higher wages and improved working conditions in labor circles.

Early in the spring the great street car strike, and sympathetic strikes involving 40,000, in Philadelphia paralyzed trade in that city for several weeks. The street railway strike in Columbus, O., which held throughout the summer, developed into a serious conflict between law and disorder, and for several weeks the local authorities seemed powerless to control the situation and state aid was given. The general strike on the Grand Trunk system also occurred during the summer, ending in wage advances; and in November the express package industry of the country was partially paralyzed by a strike of employes in New York City and Jersey City.

THE CLOAKMAKERS' STRIKE

In July and August a strike of 70,000 cloakmakers in New York city ended, after two months of great suffering and anxiety, with an agreement by which the strikers accepted the "preferential shop" instead of the "closed shop," which they had demanded. These strikers won most of their minor demands, such as larger pay and shorter hours. Later, a city-wide strike of garment makers began in Chicago and was unsettled as the year drew to a close.

The last of March 300,000 bituminous coal workers quit the mines pending a settlement of wage demands. In January a riot involving 20,000 persons took place in Naples, due to increased rents of workmen's homes. In April there was a general strike of the building trades in Berlin. In August 8,000 mechanics in the Hamburg (Germany) shipyards went on strike with a demand for increased wages. In September a general strike occurred in Barcelona, with accompanying revolutionary tendencies.

THE ROLE OF THE RAILROADS

The American railroads were most intimately connected with the national economic unrest. During the early part of the year many railroads announced increases in wages. Some of these were forced by employes' agitation for better wages and improved working conditions, while other lines voluntarily granted increases in pay. This was the case with the Pennsylvania and the Reading, each road increasing by six per cent, the wages of every employe earning less than $300 a month.

These grants of better pay were followed closely by increases in passenger and freight rates. The increase in the communication rates on railroads with terminals in New York City met with indignant protest, which in New Jersey took the form of a demand that the governor call an extra session of the legislature to empower the newly created Public Utilities Commission to act in the matter. In November the Interstate Commerce Commission held hearings in the matter, where the rates raised were interstate.

FREIGHT RATE BOOST

The increase in freight rates was of even greater importance. It was estimated by the railroads that the increase in wages would aggregate $150,009,000, and that it would be necessary to meet a greater part of the shortage in net revenue that the increased wages would cause by advances in freight rates. The shippers at once took issue with the roads on this point, and thereafter until near the close of the year the Interstate Commerce Commission was engaged in hearing both sides of the case in various cities, notably Chicago, St. Louis, New York and Washington. In September various organizations of railway workmen, with a membership of 300,000, indorsed the proposed increases in freight rates.

DEEDS OF CONGRESS IN 1910

Until the fall elections, the most dramatic event associated with the spirit of political unrest in this country was the undoing of Speaker Cannon in the house of representatives. First, the house voted not to let the speaker appoint its members on the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation committee, but to select the members itself. That was in January. Later, the Democrats and the "insurgents" and other Republicans to the number of 35 united to pass a resolution authorizing a new committee on rules, much larger than the old committee and elected by the majority and minority members of the house, with the distinct provision that the speaker should not be on the committee. Of the old committee the speaker was chairman, and that committee he appointed. It was charged widely both in and out of congress that the committee ran the house to suit itself. Since the beginning of the first regular session of the Sixty-first congress in December, 1909, there had been much discontent over what were called the tyrannical ways of the committee, and finally, on March 19, after a bitter debate lasting two days, the speaker was shorn of one of his time-honored prerogatives.

The Ballinger-Pinchot investigation resulted from the controversy begun the year previous between the two principals and their adherents over the secretary of the interior's fitness to have charge of matters relating to national conservation.

INQUIRY BEGINS

The investigation began in February. Both sides were represented by attorneys and testimony did not come to an end until the third week in May. On September 9th the four Democratic members of the committee made public at Minneapolis, Minn., a report of their findings against Secretary Ballinger; Congressman Madison, of Kansas, "insurgent," made a separate statement, also against the secretary. Four days later the Republican members of the committee met at Chicago and denounced as unlawful the action of the Democratic members. And that is the way the matter stood as the old year drew its last breath.

Congress authorized the establishment of a system of postal savings banks. Separate statehood was granted to Arizona and New Mexico. There was created a bureau of mines in the interior department, for the saving of lives and the protection of the public welfare. An appropriation of $250,000 was made to pay for a year's work of the tariff board under the president's direction. The raising of the wreck of the battleship Maine from Havana harbor was authorized and the work is now progressing.

This session of congress will have among its other duties the passing of a new apportionment bill based on the new census returns. The thirteenth census, begun April 15 with 65,000 enumerators, was taken rapidly and on the whole accurately.

Two interesting facts stand out conspicuously in connection with the official figures for urban population given out by the census bureau—the rapid growth of cities in the 100,000 class and the impartial distribution of this increase among the geographical sections.

The growth of the country's metropolis was phenomenal, a gain of nearly 30 per cent. The returns from many sections were almost equally surprising, especially those of the lake and Pacific coast cities. Men living today were counted in the first federal census of Chicago, in 1840, when the population was only 4,479. Now it is 2,185,283, easily the country's second city.

THE BIGNESS OF NEW YORK

The census also shows that New York state has one-tenth of the population of the entire country, 9,113,279. This means that the congressional delegation from the Empire state will be one-tenth of the entire house of representatives. The present membership of that body is 391, of which 37 are from New York state. For the first time in its history, the population of New York city has outstripped that of the rest of the state, the figures being 4,766,883.

The customs service was administered with an everincreasing degree of efficiency, especially at the port of New York, where Collector Loeb uncovered numerous frauds, both big and little, against the service. The postoffice department came to the end of the fiscal year with a deficit of $6,100,000, an improvement of $11,500,000 over the previous year; and, following the instructions of the President, every department of the government endeavored to conduct its business on lines of rigid economy. Throughout the year the President carried on the task, begun soon after he took office, of trying to place the departments on an up-to-date, economical, yet efficient and smooth-running basis. By the end of March the President had completed the task of granting the minimum rates under the new tariff law to all the world in exchange for similar courtesies.

The government's most important dealing with a foreign nation was the settlement by arbitration of the Newfoundland fisheries case after a discussion lasting 130 years with Great Britain, Canada and Newfoundland. The award was rendered September 7 at The Hague and became law five days later.

THE HOME-COMING

Intimately associated with the American political record of the year were the home-coming and subsequent campaign activity of ex-President Roosevelt. Early in the year the Smithsonian expedition to equatorial Africa headed by the ex-President came to a successful end, and on April 2 the party landed at Naples and proceeded to Rome, but not before the Colonel, in a speech delivered before the students of the University of Egypt, had commended British rule in their country and denounced the sympathizers with the assassination, in February, of the Egyptian premier, Boutross Pasha Ghali, by a Nationalist.

The guest of Italy's king and queen, and received by Francis-Joseph on April 15, Col. Roosevelt reached the French capital April 21, and delivered his lecture, "Citizenship in the Republic," at the Sorbonne. At Brussels he was entertained by the new king, Albert, at his palace of Laeken. At the Dutch court he lunched with Queen Wilhelmina and Prince Henry informally and left for Copenhagen the same afternoon. There were royal receptions both at the latter city and later at Stockholm. At Christiania, May 5, Mr. Roosevelt delivered his address on international peace before the Nobel prize committee, King Haakon and Queen Maud being present.

On account of the death of King Edward, and at Mr. Roosevelt's own

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1911.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

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Start Right

The New Year is roseate with hope. It is an inspiration to new achievements. Every live person desires to do something worth while in 1911—to do more than was accomplished in 1910. One way to do this is to keep awake—to be ready to accept the chance that presents itself. Blade advertisements may suggest something worth while—something that will make for success in 1911. Start right by giving Blade advertisements the attention they deserve.

Many are called but few go back to the farm.

To some people marriage is just one failure after another.

It is easy to drive a man to drink when he is headed in that direction.

Mr. Roosevelt says politics is a great game. The winners always think so.

The hardest work some people do is to get out of bed in time for breakfast.

"Mr. Carnegie's income is said to be $25,000,000." We understand this is no rumor.

Almost any married man would rather wear a ring on his thumb than in his nose.

No state can anticipate all the foolish things its legislature will do before the winter is ended.

A Boston man declares that he can prove that there are nine hells. He must want to make himself unpopular.

Those Adams county preachers who sold their votes should preach a few sermons on the sin of being found out.

The Ballinger investigation is reported to have cost $13,844. Does this mean that the price of whitewash has advanced?

Texas is importing babies from New York by the carload. Husbands for red-headed widows will be next on the program.

Cats are being condemned as household pets. The common or backyard variety is surely a menace to peace and harmony.

Some of Horace Greeley's old letters have been discovered, but it may be a long time before a man who can read them is found.

The name of the champion butter producing cow is Pontiac Clotilda De Koi. Wouldn't be safe to say "So, Bossy," to her.

Germany is threatened with race suicide, but no doubt the kaiser will see that all danger is averted at the earliest possible time.

One Indiana man wants a divorce because his wife bathes her dog in the dishpan. Some men seem to have a natural hatred of dogs.

Wearing hatpins with unguarded points has been made a misdemeanor in Kansas City. Going to try to keep them out of the public eye.

Here is one for the fellows who are forever telling us to cheer up: "Dr. Wiley says for a million years yet man will not suffer for food or fuel."

Shall we sympathise with the Canadian Pacific railroad men who got a raise of wages which they didn't want? Perhaps they will learn to like it.

When the Panama canal is finished Uncle Sam may feel for a day or two as if he is without a job, but he can always find plenty of work to do.

A western farmer has discovered that hogs have an appetite for whiskey. We suppose, however, that they can either drink or let it alone.

"I have been called the greatest liar in the world," says Dr. Cook. But he doesn't hold all the records. There are more versatile liars than the doctor.

"The Socialist administration of Milwaukee is establishing a municipal cemetery." Must be contemplating the sepulture of both the old political parties.

Americans who have money invested in Cuba could almost be convinced that Uncle Sam would be performing a patriotic duty by annexing the island.

"Most things people are compelled to take have been picked over," says the Atchison Globe. The stuff the family physician prescribes is an exception.

Mr. Carnegie has given away $178,300,000 to Mr. Rockefeller's $133,721,000. This is one thing that the oil king will have to give attention to during the coming year.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson estimates that, the housefly kills thirty-five thousand human beings annually. It is too early, ho wever, to think about putting up the screens.

Federal officers have siezed nine tons of liquid eggs in Jersey City. Nine tons of liquid eggs would seem to be tons of liquid eggs would seem to be enough to take one's breakfast appetite away.

When a man becomes a candidate for United States senator he must expect to have his past life thrown on the screen. If he has ever stolen a horse somebody will be found who can remember the color of the animal.

1910.

It has been a year that will stand forth in history as a peak among lesser mountains unless it should be that the pace of mankind is to be still swifter, still more energetic and striving. It was a wonderful procession of months. The heavens blazoned with the streamer of a far traveling star. The clouds, the winds and the rains and the sun gave us strange records in weather. The earth brought forth of its goodness in America, at least, as it has never done before. Man played with a new mechanical force until he winged to dizzy heights in the sky and raced over paths that had been the sole possession of the birds since the last flying lizard fell to the ground to become a chronicle in geologic time. The furtherest north gave up its secrets. A monarchy fell, and a new inspiration rose in its place. From a German laboratory came news that a terrible disease, having in its train other diseases almost as terrible, was now within the admitted possibility of conquest. Industrial war flamed forth. Twice in the year one country went through the throes of a political struggle, the ultimate result of which may bring about the abolishment of a feudal institution lingering from the Middle Ages. In our own country the political landscape was radically altered. Corruption was pursued—and also—corruption was glossed over. More daring humanitarian experiments were undertaken. A leader of a mysterious religious thought passed away.

It was given to science to show both its greatness and its smallness in 1910. With the coming of the Halley comet it was learned how amazingly the movements of the stars and worlds in the infinite spaces may be followed, timed and gauged and weighed. Mathematics, forming brothership with high mechanical skill, have fathomed the dark places and made form from that which are but points of twinkling lights to the human eye. A journeying luminary, which had not come within view of the earth for 76 years, was heralded with the certainty of the rising of the sun. It was here upon schedule. For contrast to the grandeur of pure science was the quarrel which arose when two claimants to the discovery of the North Pole came back in reach of communication within a week of each other. Lies and anger strived for mastery. Rival advocates rose and fought and threw mud and exposed their ignorance and inextinguishable littleness. The liar fled and the rightful claimant was dishonored and discredited by his fellow-countrymen. And now the "faker" returns and impudently collects reward for a "confession" and again obscures the man who really performed a lifetime task bravely and honestly.

A great question of order and government was placed upon trial in France, the question being whether government has a right to rebel against itself. The head of the ministry was selected from among partisans of the most radical political group in the nation. Public servants went upon strike. They were urged on by the radical group. But the premier, breaking from the influence of his party, broke the strike and suppressed all violence with severity and followed it up with reprisals. The question is not yet settled. Nor is it wanting discussion in other countries. In the United States 300,000 bituminous mine workers left the mines. Street railway strikes accompanied by violence, personal injury, vast inconvenience to the public and loss of property, were carried through in Philadelphia and Columbus. In New York, 70,000 cloakmakers went upon strike. This struggle had both its tragedies and its humors. There was great suffering and many noble sacrifices. In support of the strikers were women from the class entirely responsible for the conditions which brought about the strike. The aides aimed not at the correction of the conditions, but at the cure of the symptoms. A similar strike having the same anomalous support took place in Chicago.

The return of Theodore Roosevelt from Africa was the occasion of a deluge of expressions of respect and admiration. It had its antithesis when Mr. Roosevelt went upon the stump, when against the admiration still vocal was poured forth as poisonous a stream of hatred as ever the people of the United States have been compelled to read and listen to. It is even today a matter of dispute whether the Democratic landslide was caused by Mr. Roosevelt or in spite of him. The full significance of the American elections of 1910 is not completely understood. The victors found themselves unprepared for their triumph. They had no program, no definite set of principles. The labor of framing a program and publishing the tenets of the party goes over from the old year into the new.

Mr. Ballinger was handed a clean bill of health and the whitewash brush was applied to the frock coat of Mr. Lorimer. It rests with congress to decide whether the bill of health is to be stamped O. K. and the whitewash be made a permanent part of the sartorial appearance of the senator from Illinois. The graveyard of political corruption in the New York state legislature was uncovered. In Adams county, Ohio, another form of corruption is now being paraded in its ugliness. Pittsburg pursued its councilmanic crooks, some to shame without punishment, some to financial ruin and some to jail. Altogether the politics of America was made the cleaner by a year of untiring employment of the rods and brooms of the courts.

Andrew Carnegie announced his gift for the furtherance of international peace. John D. Rockefeller gave about as many millions as a final endowment to the Chicago University. Mrs. Sage's plans for the founding of a model town where beauty, comfort and quiet were to be furnished at a low price were made public. Many other philanthropic donations came up for their day of interest.

The year passes with a record for much good which will prove blessings for the years ahead. The wrongs of the year, on the other hand, scarce stand out as evils difficult to overcome or to forget.

THE FINISH.

It fell to Senator Burrows, of Michigan, to apply the coat of whitewash to Senator Lorimer, of Illinois. The work was performed as well as such work can ever be done—which means that no whitewash was ever opaque enough to hide real dishonor. Mr. Lorimer is said to be perfectly satisfied and, after all, he was the one to consider. The people of the state of Illinois meant nothing to Senator Burrows.

But we are thinking less of the whitewashing of Lorimer than of the pigments upon the career of Burrows. The senator from Michigan is just upon the point of departure from politics. He has served his state a long time and, according to his capacity and the lights of one school of statesmanship, conscientiously. It was given him to open the door with dignity and to walk out with eye clear and head erect. Instead—he is to be beheld slinking out, playing peanut partisan politics to the end, closing a career with a whitewash brush in his hand and a smudge of discredit smeared over his garments.

WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION.

The Massachusetts legislature created a commission to hold hearings upon the subject of workmen's compensation and to draft a bill. A tentative draft of such a measure has been drawn up. It will apply to employes of the state, the counties and cities and those working for concerns having more than five workmen. The right to sue under the common law is not taken away, but such action annuls the right to claim compensation under the new law. Payments shall be made in the case of all injuries, irrespective of negligence, except in instances of intoxication and where it can be shown that the injury is self-inflicted. Among the provisions are:

In case of death dependents wholly dependent shall receive one-half the average wages of the deceased employe for 300 weeks, but not less than $4 nor more than $10 a week. A wife or husband, or children under 18 shall be conclusively presumed to be wholly dependent. Partial dependents in the absence of any one wholly dependent, shall receive a part of the above amount, proportioned to their dependency. If there are no dependents the expense of the last sickness and funeral shall be paid by the employer, not to exceed $200. If the employe does not die, but is permanently incapacitated for work, he shall receive one-half wages for 300 weeks, not less than $4 nor more than $10 a week. If the employe is permanently partially incapacitated he shall receive one-half the difference in his earning capacity. If the employe is temporarily incapacitated he shall receive one-half wages for not more than 300 weeks, not less than $4 nor more than $10 a week, but in no case more than full wages.

In Ohio an attempt is made to repeal the Norris law and to restore the doctrine of contributory negligence to its old high standing. At the same time Massachusetts, leader in wise and progressive legislation, is preparing to pass a law which puts the burden of industrial accidents entirely upon industry, which provides for quick compensation without heartbreaking and expensive delays in the courts and which—best of all—makes the introduction of protective appliances in the factories an absolute economic necessity.

BLOWING SOILS.

Whoever upon a windy day has been in that part of Lucas county country known vaguely as the Oak Openings has noted the blowing soil, the spreading of dust and sand over growing grain, roadside weeds and trees. Another stretch of land similarly afflicted is to be seen along the Detroit electric line just south of Otter creek, in Monroe county, Mich. Until the grass bound the sand together and the tree growths obtained foothold, parts of the southern and western shores of Lake Erie in prehistoric times must have shifted their contour and altered their appearance with the coming of every gale.

The department of agriculture has just published a bulletin upon the subject of blowing soils. After a discussion of the causes, the bulletin takes up the problem of controlling this injurious movement of earth particles. In certain sections of the west where the winds are excessive and the soil of the kind which breaks up into fine quantities easily shifted, windbreaks of poplar trees are planted, sage brush is piled around fields, fences are put in the path of shifting sand dunes and clay and humus are embodied into the soil. The department of agriculture experts believe that many of these remedies constitute lost effort and time, since "the proper adjustment of the cropping system is frequently all that is necessary to prevent blowing."

Where it is possible to do so, the easiest way to prevent wind damage is to plan the use of the land so that it will always be covered with some form of protective vegetation during the season when dangerous winds are to be expected. A few general expedients along this line are usually be employed. For instance, if fall plowing is not necessary, the stubble of the last crop should be left on the soil until late as possible in the spring or oats or barley may be sowed in the late summer or early fall. The plants will be killed by the frost and will form a protective mat on the soil surface. This will prevent blowing during the winter and early spring.

There are not many parts of the country hereabouts, of course, which are troubled with this problem. But for those farmers who have blowing soils to contend with, this information briefly set forth is published and the suggestion is made that the department of agriculture be asked for copies of the bulletin, which bears the number 421, issue of December 22.

EXPLAINING CONSERVATISM.

Two items of news in the same column of the Municipal Journal and Engineer are submitted for the thoughtful consideration of citizens.

The first is:

Indianapolis, Ind.—Plans for making a fight against the enactment of a law authorizing cities of Indiana to adopt the commission form of government were made last week at a conference of mayors of Indiana cities at the Denison Hotel. The meeting was held in response to letters sent out by Mayor Lawrence Becker, of Hammond. It was the opinion of the mayors at the meeting that a city could not be run any better by a commission than by a mayor and his boards, and they decided to fight the proposal when it comes before the legislature this winter.

The second:

Kansas City—The close of 1910 will see Kansas City, Kan., established on a cash-paying basis, with a surplus in every one of its funds except the lighting fund, its floating debt almost wiped out and none of the revenue for 1911 used for the expenses of 1910. That is to be the condition financially at the close of the first nine months of government by commission as announced by Charles W. Green, commissioner of finance and revenue. It is the result, he says, of a strict adherence to the provisions of the commission law that requires a municipality to "live within its means." It is pointed out that when the commissioners took charge last April the funds for 1910 practically had been used in advance and there was an indebtedness against nearly every fund. The assessed valuation of the enlarged city made in 1910 on which to collect taxes for 1911 expenses is $53,800,000, against an assessed valuation of $71,00,000 made in 1909 for 1910 expenses of the city before the extension of its limits, and the rate of taxation in the larger city for all purposes—state, city, parks and schools—is the same under the 1909 levy, $1.80 on the hundred. "When commission government began the acquisition of new territory had seriously depleted the treasury," Mr. Green said. "There was an indebtedness against every fund, and the commissioners have managed to get along without drawing in advance on anticipated revenues, as was the custom for years under the old Council rule."

The improvement of the commission plan in Kansas City, Kan., over the old political and wasteful government, might explain why the mayors of twelve Indiana towns found it expedient to organize against the betterment. They can see nothing for themselves in that.

AN AMERICAN IN SOUTH AFRICA

A little band of British soldiers were cut off from their command toward the close of the Boer war. Affairs were pretty hot and peppery for them. The stolid sure-shooting Boers were picking the men off with grim deliberation and the question of surrendering had been under dispute for some time among the survivors. It had just about been decided to give up, when far away, but with clearness, came the faint "hehaw" of a mule.

An Irish soldier leaped to his feet and threw his hat in the air.

"God bless George Washington!" he shouted.

Kitchener and Lord Roberts between them are credited in the books with having led the British conquerors to victory in South Africa. But if you asked a practical soldier who it was brought about the defeat of the Boers he would answer, "the American mule." It was this exile from Kentucky and Missouri, this hard kicker and camp serenader, who put his shoulders into the harness and pulled the baggage trains out of the quicksands when the animals from Europe had threshed impotently about and given up. It was the American mule that went the longest without food and water, that climbed the hills surefooted, that withstood the climate and the snakes and the flies, and, in the end, attended the army of occupation into Pretoria. Small wonder then that he stands high in South Africa today. The American consul at Capetown reports that mules from Kentucky and Missouri bring a big premium in the market against the importations from Europe and Argentina. It is only just that they should.

THE WISDOM OF CHOW.

Way back in the dim history of China there was an emperor who has been described as the vainest creature who ever lived. He was not one from which to date art waves in porcelain making and the manner of wearing the hair or finger nails. His distinction hinges upon a unique policy of state. He caused the digging of a great hole and into this were thrown all wise men of the empire—the historians, the interpreters of the law, the keepers of tradition, the writers of monument poetry and the reminiscent creatures who corrected statements in the papers of the time touching upon past events. All of these the emperor marched forth and cast into the hole and covered over.

"Now," said Chow, "there is no past. Time begins with me. From my birth you will date all things."

This act is narrated in the books as a piece of gross and monstrous vanity. We have our doubts. The Emperor Chow was, in our opinion, a man of originality and force who had the good of his countrymen at heart. One can imagine him talking with his ministry.

"We must right this wrong," says the emperor.

"We cannot," speaks up the minister of justice. "I would be unconstitutional."

"Let us do so and so," suggests Chow.

"We cannot," says the minister of construction. "It has never been done before."

"I have a great idea," said Chow, and tells it.

"Your father never did anything like that," interrupts the keeper of tradition.

Whereupon Chow orders the digging of the hole.

CHANGED.

Scarce anything could show the altered views and valuations in the far west than the incident which has caused President Taft to send a special message to congress. He directed attention to an attempt upon the part of New Mexico to place a claim against Texas for land in its constitutional provisions, opening the way, as the President saw, for a vast amount of litigation, bad feeling and trouble for the federal government. The line between Texas and New Mexico runs through a section still to be found marked "staked plains," a land so desolate and barren that the Mexican wanderers and traders drove stakes to mark the trails between water-holes. The northern part of the line touches the Panhandle country, once spoken of as the country of "no law, no God." On the south is the Pecos valley which only in the last 20 years has attracted any save the cattle and sheep men. A changed border might take in El Paso. Yet the desirability of El Paso could scare have occurred to New Mexico until recent years. But al this land is now desired, its "staked plains," mountains, mesas and desert. It has been tried and found good, and now in parts of it where once the prairie dogs and vultures were all there was of life, there are farm lands, orchards, grain fields, barns, homes and prosperity.

TEACHING SCIENCES.

The educators face a very grave problem. They are near the place where they must choose between a system of teaching all the old, time-honored subjects, putting emphasis upon literatrue, mathematics and language, or giving less time and less prominence to these and teaching mechanics and the sciences.

We doubt if there is any man of mature years who has not been irritated at times by such defects in his early education which have left him without any true understanding of the use of electricity, with only the vaguest ideas of human anatomy, with no grasp of chemistry, with no power to glimpse the reasons for engineering processes or the meaning of their technical description. We doubt if the man may be made at such times to realize that a perfect knowledge of spelling is worth more to him than a knowledge of the sciences. To know that two parallel straight lines wil not meet according to geometry, but will meet in infinity according to higher mathematics is little satisfaction when trying to read an article upon an important biological discovery in a medical periodical. The most erroneous of scientific information gets into the newspapers, but it is only the specialists and so-called faddists who know it is erroneous. The general public doesn't know any more about it than the average editor, and the editor, having gone through the same course of training laid down by the educators as the general public, can scarcely be held to account for it. The system is at fault.

There are, of course, no end of things which it is important for people to know. It is for the teachers to decide what things can be taught and what either skimmed over or neglected entirely. It is a great responsibility and it cannot be discharged honestly in this changing age by indolently following the custom of predecessors.

GETTING 'EM BACK TO THE FARM

Secretary Wilson, of the department of agriculture, is trying to learn why the young people leave the farm and has sent a list of questions to the township correspondents. Among the puestion we note queries as to whether spelling schools, dances, apple pealings, social parties, literary societies and carpet-rag sewing still are held or still exist.

There are many theories to account for the desertion of the land, some of them rather strange, as mark:—because machinery has made farmwork monotonous and taken away the zest and rivalry of skill and strength;—because railroads have made the traveling easy; because the human mind finds life more endurable under the discipline and routine of the town than upon the farm where initiative and resourcefulness must constantly be exercised. Indeed, there has been a production of theories comparing quite respectably with the corn and wheat crops. Anyone with a fountain pen is entitled to manufacture ideas along this line, and there is no difficulty whatever in getting them published. Secretary Wilson is going after his facts before he draws his conclusions, though the questions we cite indicate that he has some glimpse, some understanding, of at least an important cause. The lack of social life appears a more practical reason for the desertion than hard work and unsatisfactory incomes. For there is hard work in the cities, terrible work for some in every city, and the question of income is a daily work and problem in thousands of urban households.

When the secretary has gathered his data and published his findings it might be well for him to attack a new puzzle:—why do not country trained and bred folk in the cities go back to the country? It is known that the larger percentage of them become unhappy, dissatisfied, do more poorly in the towns than they would have done upon the soil. The success of country boys in the cities has broken into literature—principally juvenile literature—until it has almost been taken for granted that country breeding is a talisman which opens all doors and assures fortune and renown. It is another instance where the exception looms forth so boldly that it appears the rule. Rich men and men in public life attract nearly all the notice in America, but they are only few against thousands who are poor and obscure. If the secretary can reach the people from the country it would be interesting, if not of immense importance, to learn if it is pride which keeps them in town when they long for the country, if it is mere force of routine, if it is caution, the fear to take chances as to livelihood, if it is hopelessness, if broken health, or tyrannous habits. To keep the young people upon the farm really should be no more a thing desired than getting the young people back.

OTHER CAT-FIGHTS.

The legs of Senator Lodge have taken a new and firmer twist about the supports of his senatorial seat and the faith of his opponents that they could dislodge him therefrom is oozing away.

Down in Maine several Democrats are serenading their constituents and whispering to their legislators in effort to gain the toga which for so long was the property of Senator Eugene Hale. It is a long, long time since such an opportunity offered and opportunity this season is not going around knocking at doors. There are a number of eager gentlemen standing at their open gates waiting impatiently for her to come along.

Two candidates in Connecticut, this time Republicans, are making a race according to the Pomerene-Hanley rules. Whoever wins will have to send his clothes to the cleaners to have the mud washed off.

In New York there is more quiet, but more work. The successor to Senator Depew is not going to succeed without a struggle and the signing of a contract with Tammany. Some big names are mentioned, but the election of the big men is another matter.

Ohio, it will be observed, holds no lien upon senatorial snarling. Other states are compelled also to listen to the shouting of the captains and the sniveling of the disappointed.

THE SLEIGH PASSING AWAY?

The sleigh is disappearing. It is going before the automobile, which appears to be able to supply the zest, the thrill, the cutting wind and the red cheeks which constituted both the sport and the things desired of sleighing.

Old pictures of New England scenes might give the impression that that section of the country had realized the pleasures and benefits of sleighing more than any other section, but it is altogether probable that northern Ohio has utilized the sleigh as much, if not more, than New England. Necessity, indeed, compelled recourse to runners in parts of northern Ohio where the roads for many years were more suitable for boat keels than for wheels. A story is told in Howe's "Historical Collections" of the organization of a sleighing party which challenged other communities to turn out as many teams and as many sleighers. A flag, emblazoned with stars, and having in addition a profile with thumb at the nose and fingers extended, served as the emblem of defiance. The flag, starting from Solon township, Cuyahoga county, passed shortly to Twinsburg, then to Royalton. The contest then became a county affair, Cuyahoga, Summit and Medina counties struggling for possession of the flag. Medina was the final victor. At one of the meets there were 466 sleighs, 1,864 horses, and 6,524 persons. This was in the great winter of 1855-56, which was famous for years under the same of "the hundred days' sleighing."

It may be that with the great spread of the use of the automobile, the cutter may cease to be utilized at all, ending its days in the country barns for the play of the children and the roosting place for chickens.

A Maine Huntress.

Kennebec Journal.

Mrs. Walter Judkins of Portland, is a woman to whom the lure of the Maine woods is strong. She has just returned from her twenty-third season in the autumn forest with a record of 28 deer to her credit. Mrs. Judkins shot her first deer when a girl of 15 while in the woods in search of partridge in her home town of Gilead.

Mrs. Judkins during her 23 years of hunting experience has tried many varieties of hunting costumes and has finally settled upon what she deems the most practical. She wears in the woods a stout, gray sweater, a pair of very full bloomers, the stout huntsman's stockings and a shoe similar in shape to a moccasin and waterproof with top of skin and vamp and soles of heavy rubber.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

ONE MAN'S REPUTATION

International Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 8 Is "Jeroboam Makes Idols for Israel to Worship." 1 Kings 12:25; 13:6.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

A darling desire of most strong men is to leave a certain coveted reputation behind them. The fields of Asia are strewn with fragments of costly marble monuments, erected of old to proclaim their owner's virtues to posterity. I have seen many a battered but once elaborate sarcophagi used as wayside drinking troughs. The walls of peasant huts in the east often show elaborately carved columns, and fragments of statues built into them, along with bricks of mud and straw. Cities and theatres and baths and forums of antiquity, designed to recite the glories of some conqueror to future ages, now scarcely make a ripple in the ground.

The reputations men designedly seek they do not often attain: for reputation is generally character, but the efflorescence of character; and character is an unintentional by-product of life. The case in point is that of Jeroboam, who wanted to found a dynasty and hand on his name as one of earth's great ones; but he succeeded only in leaving a name that is odious this day—"Jeroboam, who made Israel to sin." That was his character and that is his reputation.

A Shepherd of Sin.

We may search the vilest depths of the wickedest city in the world and the worst man to be found therein is not the poor derelict, who is the sediment of vice, but the man who incites his fellows to do evil. He may be a publicist of power, or a merchant of repute; none the less, if he causes others to go astray he is the most diabolical servant of his master. Satan, that ranges the earth, America and Europe have been concerned over the possibility of cholera and the plague during recent months; far more to be dreaded and fought are the men and women who deliberately teach wickedness especially to the young.

That was Jeroboam's unique distinction. He became a shepherd of sin. His was a unique opportunity. The revolt of the ten tribes, because of Rehoboam's folly, gave him a chance to head a dynasty that might rival Solomon's. He had talents; his cunning hand may be seen in the course of the revolt. His ambition was limitless. But it was restrained by no moral motives. He was a "statesman" who felt himself "too big" for old-fashioned religion. The real crisis in his career though, like that of many another, it was unknown to his closest friends, was when he parted company with the religion of his fathers. His defection was just merely his own backsliding; leaders cannot live unto themselves in this, or in anything else; it was that he incited his people to desert the old faith which had been their national as well as their personal salvation.

How relentlessly time vindicates truth! The judgments of history are usually true. The sure turning of the wheel of time submerges the wrong and exalts the right. Shechem, Jeroboam's capital on Gerazim, is today a bigoted, malodorous Moslem city; the handful of Samaritan Jews who remain are despised and decadent. Dan, where one alter of idolatry was erected, lives only in the proverb, "From Dan to Beersheba." Bethel is a scarcely discernible ruin on a hillside, with a few native mud huts above it. The very existence of what remains of the ten tribes is a subject of conjecture and debate. Not only Jeroboam, but his deluded followers, paid a sore price for their sin.

Although he attained the goal of his ambition, and became king of the ten seceding tribes, Jeroboam lives only in infamy. His name is a heritage of hissing to the chosen people. The very end he sought was defeated by his compromising his religious principles. There is a lesson for all public men, be they national officials or village fathers, in the career of Jeroboam.

When Religion Is Debased.

The use of religion by Jeroboam in his royal policy sounds quite modern; and like the game of high politics as played in Palestine today. The powers of Europe vie with one another through their respective churches, in securing the sacred places of the Holy Land. Each wants the prestige that comes at home and abroad, from possessing and protecting the rites made dear by association with the Carpenter, to whom their policy would be repugnant. Even in the Moslem world, Turkey's weightiest argument with multitudes of persons is her possession of Medina and Mecca. If, as is sometimes whispered, the Arabs should revolt, and deprive Turkey of these shrines, her pretensions to the Caliphate and the leader of Pan-Islamism, would utterly collapse.

In quite the same spirit, Jeroboam had to face the influence of Jerusalem upon the newly founded nation. If his people went up thither to their feasts his hold would be slight, indeed. So he shrewdly planned other and rival sacred feasts, to coincide with the Passover at Jerusalem, that people would not attend both. He erected "high places" and established sacred groves for worship, at Dan and Bethel, the boundaries of his kingdom.

His specious argument was that it was too hard for the people to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. When men take to accommodating religion to themselves rather than themselves to religion, the supremacy of the latter is lost. An easy religion is no honor to God and no help to man. Take out the element of obligation to a supreme authority, and religion becomes a mere passing fad of sentimentalists. It is a short step from making idols of gold or brass or wood or stone, to making an idol of the mirror. Religion must be all for it is nothing.

Little Gods or Great.

The taint of the heathenism which environed them, and from which they had sprung, was still strong upon the Israelites. In the monotheistic atmosphere of North America it is difficult to understand why the children of Israel should, at Jeroboam's bidding, turn from the great God of the unutterable name, to the little gods of their own manufacture. There is a whole chapter on idolatry which is never revealed to a Sunday school class, and may not be. It must suffice to say that, associated with idolatry, were the grossest practices of sensual indulgence. Then as now, idolatry carried with it a moral license beyond the telling.

Idols reflect their makers. A people's gods are images of their own desires and feelings. The nature of a nation may be learned from a study of what it worships. Idolatry, analyzed to its practical issues, is the worship of self. The Japanese Shintoists are the only people known to me who put a mirror in their innermost shrines; but the principle is quite universal.

"Like Priest, Like People."

Some thoughtless persons think it purely an academic or ecclesiastical question that the supply of candidates for the ministry falls so far below what is needed, both in quantity and in quality. It is a matter of vital importance to society. "Like priest, like people," is a true proverb. There is a direct and vital connection between the moral fibre of a nation and the teachings of its religious leaders. It is deeply to be deplored that the finest families of the land no longer contemplate the devotion of one of their sons to the gospel ministry. Motives of patriotism combine with considerations of religion to urge the importance of this.

A deep blow was struck at the life of the newly founded northern kingdom of Israel when Jeroboam "made priests of the lowest of the people, which were not of the sons of Levi." An uneducated priesthood without the loftiest religious ideals, was, and is, a national calamity. If the people are led aright, and taught aright, in things religious, they will be able to determine for themselves what is right in the lesser concerns of politics and commerce and social thinking.

HELPED—TO HELP

Terse Comments Upon the Christian Endeavor Topic for Jan. 8, "Blessed—To Bless." Gen. 12:1-2; Ps. 107:1-3.

Jesus vindicated His claims to the Messiahship by His divine helpfulness. He "went about doing good." His deeds were the most direct proof of His doctrine. To every man that had need of Him He was a brother. In this lifelong helpfulness He is the Christian's model. For the only time He ever said to His disciples, "I have given you an example," was after He had performed a self-abnegating act of menial service.

"Every one of us can help some one. We can help others in our homes. Children can help by being faithful and efficient, fathers by being gentle and kind, mothers by being patient and courageous, boys by being industrious and quiet, girls by being prompt and considerate, and being willing to be helpful in such ways will suggest countless helpful things that we can do. We can take trouble for others, uncomplainingly. We can foresee necessities and prepare for them. We can give up our own plans cheerfully when we see that they interfere with the plans of others, or cause trouble to others. Sometimes a word of praise will help. Sometimes a word of warning. Sometimes a book or a bunch of flowers or a little gift of money, or a prayer. Sometimes a greeting, or a word of commendation spoken to another. There are thousands of ways of helping if we want to help."

The Bible's "blessed" simply records a truth. If certain things are true of a man then he is pronounced "blessed" or supremely happy. Some folks are forever trying to count up the rewards of blessedness, but blessedness is its own reward. We do not feel that something must be added to the lot of the happy person to prove him happy; the happiness itself is enough. What more can one ask than the divine hand of approval on one's head, with its all-compensating "Blessed."

The rule of the world is to "Look out for number one." Nothing could be more antagonistic than this to the teachings of Christ. His greatest doctrine, the underlying principle of all of his words and deeds, was that of self-sacrifice, looking out for number two. Therefore, He has given us the plain message that to save our lives we must sacrifice them.

To serve God one must sacrifice self. It will never be given to him who exalts himself to know the glory and blessedness of exalting God.

Serving God is real blessedness. No evil can befall us when we are about the King's business. Sometimes He may set us hard tasks, and hide from us the completed beauty of the work we are doing, but nevertheless, He is the Master Workman, and His plans work out well.

It is great blessedness that in all our Christian service we have for a colaborer the Master Himself.

The deeds we do for God are all eternal deeds. To serve him here is to prepare for that world where His servants do serve Him continually.

Cheer and courage and inspiration are in the thought that He whom we serve knows our feeblest endeavor. He not only sees every deed we do, and every word we speak in the name of love, but every holy aspiration, every yearning for usefulness, every Christ-like desire, is also known to His loving heart.

Joy, the "fulness of joy," and life, the life "more abundantly," are never known outside the service of God. If we would expand into all the greatness and sweetness and blessedness possible to us we can do so only by unreservedly serving the living God.

The blessing of the Lord makes rich. Of this spiritual riches it is required as the times are demanding of material wealth that they shall make a commensurate return to the world in service. Christians are not reservoirs, but springs and streams to refresh a constantly increasing field of growing helpfulness.

New Life for Old Iconium.

Zion's Herald.

The city of Konia—the ancient Iconium, once pagan, then Christian, and now Mohammedan, the scene of Paul's labors and once the capital of the Seldjukian empire, estimated to have today a population of 40,000—is rising again to prominence through the opening of railroad communication to Constantinople.

The city of Konia is the center of a rich agricultural and pastoral province which politically is considered to be of almost the first rank in the Turkish empire, since more than once the office of governor of the province of Konia has proved to be the stepping stone to that of grand vizier of Constantinople. Linked to Constantinople and Smyrna by railway, Konia is seizing upon western methods and improvements faster than any other city in the interior of Asia Minor. A closed aqueduct now brings excellent water from a lake 100 miles distant, a street car line is in operation in the city itself and some of the streets are electric lighted. In the country surrounding McCormick reapers are now at work. A German company has already expended about $3,250,000 toward a huge irrigation scheme by which water from the hills may be made available for 1,000 square miles of adjoining territory. These are simply a few of the indications of the material progress already begun.

Seven Sentence Sermons.

The saddest failures in life are those that come from not putting forth the power and will to succeed. —Bishop Whipple.

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a Heaven for?—Browning.

For everything you have missed, you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something.—Emerson.

The world is held back from true progress not so much by the badness of bad men, as by the obstinacy of good men who have stopped growing. —Anon.

Many of our troubles are God's dragging us, and they would end if we would stand on our feet and go whither he would have us.—Beecher.

Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbors, and let every year find you a better man.—Franklin.

Hope, Child! Tomorrow hope, and then again tomorrow,
And then tomorrow still! Trust in a future day,
Hope, and each morn the skies new light from dawn shall borrow;
As God is there to bless let us be there to pray.—Victor Hugo.

A 53-Point Deer Head.

Boston Herald.

A Bangor resident tells a story of the largest head secured during the Maine deer season this fall. The other day F. K. Smith, a Grindstone guide, brought to Bangor a 53-point deer head, which he sold to a local firm of taxidemists for a nominal sum. The head rivals the 50-point buck killed on Grand Lake in October, for which E. S. Clark, of Bar Harbor, paid $300.

Varieties

London's Hebrew population numbers about 150,000.

The automobile industry provides a livelihood for 1,000,000 persons.

A large German electric power station is relying wholly upon peat for fuel.

Of the 22,334 miles of telegraph lines in Chile the government owns 16,518 miles.

The military profession the world over has the greatest percentage of suicides.

Holland is about to establish schools of housewifery for the daughters of farmers.

Milk will quench a fire caused by an exploding lamp, water only spreading the oil.

Under the British constitution the king could make war without reference to parliament.

American negroes possess and manage 48 banks of a total capital of $3,500,000.

British capitalists are building slaughter houses for export of Russian bacon to England.

Syria is soon to have its first telephone system, linking the towns in the Lebanan mountains.

New York city has tax-free real estate valued at more than one and one-quarter billion dollars.

There are 103 cement factories in the United States, and the number is growing all the time.

What promises to be a valuable coal field has been discovered in the Brazilian state of Pernambuco.

The irrigation projects of this country have called for the erection of the five largest dams in the world.

The first complete edition of the New Testament translated into the Chinese language recently was issued.

There are now 16 women members of town councils as the results of recent municipal elections in England.

Among the 593 railway workshops in Germany there are 70 which employ more than 300 persons.

In general and electric engineering factories in the United Kingdom over 15,000 women are employed.

Though but a small nation, Switzerland makes 100,000,000 pounds of honey a year, so well is its flora adapted to bee culture.

Experiments with thousands of subjects have shown that the average man attains his maximum strength in his thirty-first year.

Liverpool's experiment of automatic street lighting has proved so economical that it probably will soon be unversal in the city.

Americans now lead in the number of tourists in Europe during the summer. The Englishmen formerly held this distinction.

Ireland has a yearly import trade of $311,000,000 and an export trade of $200,000,000. Of the imports $146,000,000 are manufactures.

New Zealand has been called by its inhabitants "The Fortunate Isles," "the Star of the South" and "The Wonderland of the Pacific."

In Formosa the business of canning pineapples is booming. The market for the goods is mostly Japan. Two crops are grown each year.

A London journal declares that England is now ripe for a great revival of the windmill—not the old kind, but the modern steel tower type.

Uruguay will probably soon have a new railway, starting from Montevideo and traversing the republic to Cuareim, on the Brazilian frontier.

The failure of the Labrador fishing catch this season is complete, the worst on record. The Newfoundland codfish take will be 20 per cent.

In continental Europe the photograph of a railway season-ticket holder is now required to be placed at the back of the ticket, to prevent transference.

An attempt to use peat as fuel in locomotives in Sweden has been abandoned. Though coal had to be imported, its use has been found more economical.

On the Canary islands the soil is so rich that it is devoted almost exclusively to the cultivation of the vine and fruits and most of the food is imported.

"Xaymaca," a combination of two words signifying water and wood—from which the name Jamaica is derived—describes exactly the characteristics of the island.

Tonics may be applied as the hair is being combed by a comb invented by a Maryland woman, having hollow, perforated teeth and a reservoir on the back.

The only two foods which contain all the substances necessary to human life are said to be milk and the yolk of eggs. A man can live in health on these two

FORCED BY GRATITUDE OF HUNDREDS To Repeat His Offer

of Oct. 27 in the Toledo Weekly Blade

I have been so moved the past few weeks by the gratitude of Toledo W. Blade readers, that I have decided to make again the offer which I made in the April 21st issue. This is what I said: "I am going to Give Away a Free Treatment for Deafness, to every sufferer who asks for it.

The letters of request have poured in; letters of grateful thanks have also poured in. From every part of the continent, the people whom I have cured of that terrible affliction—Deafness—are thanking me.

A letter from the Far West says, "Allow me to thank you a thousand times for the good hearing you have restored to me." A letter from New England says, "I bless the day I saw your offer, for you have cured me of Deafness."

Deafness Treatment Free

These many letters of gratitude have touched my heart, and so my neighbors, the readers of Toledo W. Blade, I will give away a Free Treatment for Deafness to every sufferer who writes for it.

This offer can only be made for a very short time. If you are Deaf, or have any trouble with your ears, write for a Free Treatment.

This treatment is entirely free. I want to help you. I know what you suffer in the approach of Deafness, and the intolerable agony of complete Deafness. I know that I have cured many, many people who were Deaf. I want you to have the same opportunity to hear again. **Write today for my treatment for Deafness.**

Send off now, a post card or letter request. Don't delay, or it may be too late. If you have even the slightest feeling that something is wrong with your ears, be on the safe side and send for treatment. It won't cost you anything. If you are growing Deaf, and have become discouraged and tired of experimenting, profit by the example of those who have been cured by my treatment. Many of these people thought that they never could be cured, they had tried so many different things which never did them any good. My treatment restored their hearing.

Write today for a Free Deafness Treatment to Deafness Specialist Sproule, 48 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

Salts and Castor Oil—bad stuff—never cure, only makes bowels move because it irritates and sweats them, like poking finger in your eye. The best ***Bowel Medicine is Cascarets.*** Every Salts and Castor Oil user should get a box of CASCARETS and try them just once. You'll see. 884

Cascarets—10c box—week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

FAT FOLKS

Give me your name and address and I will tell you how to reduce your bust, waist and hips without starving.

Results Guaranteed.

Mrs G. M. Greising, 511 Main St., Toledo, O.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great, Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy, Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN in our catalog of RUBBER NECESSITIES, TOILET SUPPLIES. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, AN-60 Wabash Av., Chicago

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. WRITE FOR BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 128 STATE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

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Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

Ladies when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pill, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

GRIEF FOR TOLSTOI CRAZES

New York Man Mourns for Writer Until Mind Is Gone.

New York, Dec. 29.—The death of Count Leo Tolstoi is supposed to have unbalanced the mind of Paul Lanzner, who was removed from his home, at No. 274 Division avenue, Williamsburg, yesterday to the Kings county hospital violently insane.

Lanzner was an admirer of the Russian author and read most of his writings. At the time of Count Tolstoi's death Lanzner became moody. Yesterday he visited his cousin, George Lanzner, at No. 382 Wallabout street, and while there became violent and attacked his cousin and his wife. Policeman East, of the Clymer street station, was called and with assistance overpowered the man. Dr. Levine arrived from the Eastern district hospital and took Lanzner first to his home and from there to Flatbush.

DIES AS PART OF HIS PLAN

Old Man Weds Ward and She Becomes Heiress.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 28.—Without having left the sick bed to which he was carried from the altar recently when he married his 27-year-old ward, Miss Emma M. Moore, Leon A. Canter, 72 years old, a veteran of the Civil war, died today. His bride is the daughter of a comrade and Mr. Canter wanted to be sure that she would inherit his estate.

FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, our method is an absolute cure. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, our method will certainly cure you right in your own home.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense that this new method will end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the cure at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It Today.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON.

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 468 Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send free trial of your method to:

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ANDY GIVES $1,250,000

It's for a Hero Fund in Germany—This Makes His Fourth.

Berlin, Dec. 31.—Andrew Carnegie has given $1,250,000 to establish a hero fund in Germany. This is the fourth "hero fund" established by Mr. Carnegie.

The original endowment was made in April, 1904, when $5,000,000 was placed in the hands of a commission composed of 21 residents of Pittsburg, Pa., who were instructed to use the annual proceeds of the fund in the benefit of dependants of those losing their lives in heroic effort to save their fellow-men or for the heroes themselves if injured only. The beneficiaries were confined to those associated with acts performed within the United States, Canada and New Foundland and the waters thereof.

In 1908 Mr. Carnegie gave $1,250,000 for the creation of a hero fund in Great Britain. In the following year he established a similar fund in France by the gift of $1,000,000. The total set apart for this purpose is now $8,500,000.

$7,000,000 PALACE

Wonderful New York Mansion for Clark's Young Wife Finished.

New York, Dec. 27.—The $7,000,000 Fifth avenue residence of ex-Senator William A. Clark, of Montana, has been completed after eight years of work and will be occupied early in the new year. It is said to be the costliest residence ever built in America, and perhaps the costliest private house in the world. The taxes assessed on it by New York city amount to more than $200 a day.

The mansion contains 121 rooms, 31 baths, and four picture galleries. No building in the world, according to experts who have inspected the interior, carries so much bronze as has been worked into this mansion.

Although the best architects and decorators in this country were employed, Senator Clark himself designed much of the interior, as well as the exterior of the mansion.

The building contains one of the largest pipe organs in the world, which was installed at a cost of $300,000. There are $2,000,000 worth of pictures and $500,000 worth of rugs.

"Last Word" in Ostentation.

During the years the Clark mansion has been growing toward completion it has been the subject of many criticisms as being the "last word" in ostentation. The "tower" that looms up above the side facade has been the especial butt of attacks. "A more fatuous and meaningless feature than this steeple," writes an architect, "would be impossible to find even in the wildest vagaries of our domestic architecture. It is entirely without architectural relation to anything else in the building. It is devoid of apparent use as a meaning of beauty. No human creature can decently pretend to admire anything about it."

The same architectural critic compares the stone cutting with the fortified palazzos of Venice. "The ferocity of the stone cutting is in fact so unmitigated that the basement seems to have had as its prototype rather a log house than any extant construction of masonry.

"A certified check to the amount of all this stone carving, hung on the outer wall, would serve every artistic purpose attained by the carving itself."

View from the Cupola.

The much criticised cupola, or steeple, consists of a white granite tower, decorated with bronze and surmounted by an open loggia which rises 163 feet above the street and 200 feet above sea level. From the cupola a wide expanse of Central park is seen to the west, with the Hudson and the Palisades beyond, while to the south there is a fine view of all lower New York and the bay.

Beneath the lower portion of the tower is placed the conservatory, which projects over Seventy-seventh street in a circular bay, while beneath it is the porte cochere.

On the ground floor are the reception room, private office, billiard room, and smoking room of Senator Clark. On the principal floor the "piano nobile," the first floor above the ground floor, is the grand salon. North of the main staircase is the music room. On each side of the music room is a picture gallery.

The rooms in the main floor are finished in painted, carved and gilded woodwork. The dining room is decorated with Normandy stone and English oak. The hall of the main staircase is built of cream white Maryland marble.

Bought 6 Plants Outright.

In order to build this house Senator Clark purchased six great industrial plants, including a granite quarry at North Jay, Me.; marble working, wood working and plaster working plants at Ravenswood, L. I.; a stone-finishing plant at Bangor, Me., and the Henry Bonnard bronze foundry in New York.

Senator Clark was forced into buying up these plants when he found that the various corporations and firms working for him were charging him much more than he was willing to pay or subjecting him to great delays. There are about 1,000,000 pounds of bronze in the building.

In France Senator Clark came across a chateau which had a wonderful ceiling and elaborately carved wood. He bought the chateau and transported the ceiling to New York, where it is used in one of the salons.

Luxury in the "Cellar."

The basement, or as many persons would vulgarly term it, the cellar, of Senator Clark's house is perhaps its most amazing feature. It is infinitely more luxurious than any other cellar ever created. Instead of being finished with rough stones and so forth, like other cellars, it is filled with marble and bronze and hardwood decorations. A modest estimate of its cost would be $1,000,000.

The architect's plan shows that this cellar contains among other things a swimming pool, a Turkish bath, a hot room, a cooling room, a dressing room, brine tank, receiving room, steam room, ammonia condenser, distilling apparatus, brine pump, service elevator, passenger elevator, wine room, turbine room, reservoir tank, and almost endless tanks, storage rooms, heating chambers, and fresh air inlets. It need hardly be added that the kitchen is not in the cellar.

The most luxurious part of this wonderful cellar is perhaps the Turkish bath. The bath, it is said, surpasses in luxury and magnificence the celebrated ones created by the Roman emperors, Nero and Tiberius.

Built for His Wife.

It is well known that Senator Clark has planned this wonderful house largely with a view of pleasing his young wife. She was Miss Ada La Chappelle, the daughter of a French-Canadian doctor, who was the friend of Senator Clark's youthful struggling days in Butte, Mont.

How to Cure Rheumatism

Prominent Doctor's Best Prescription. It is Easily Mixed.

This is a very simple and harmless formula, but it has worked wonders for all who have tried it, quickly curing chronic and acute rheumatism and backache. "Get one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound and one ounce of Toris compound. Then get half a pint of good whiskey and put the other two ingredients into it. Take a tablespoonful of this mixture before each meal and at bed time. Shake the bottle before using. Results are felt the first day. Any druggist has these ingredients on hand or will quickly get them from his wholesale house. Any one can mix them.

FEW LIVES ARE LOST

Life Saving Service Reports 53 Dead Out of 6,661 in Ship Disasters.

Washington, Dec. 30.—Out of a total of 6,661 persons involved in 1,463 disasters to vessels of all classes, within the scope of the United States life saving service, only 53 lives were lost and but 74 vessels were completely destroyed, according to the annual report of S. I. Kimball, general superintendent of the service, for the year which ended June 30 last.

The greatest number of casualties reported were in connection with craft without documents, such as sailboats, launches and rowboats, 1,046 accidents having occurred to such craft with 3,013 persons aboard, and a total of 14 lives having been lost. There were 3,648 persons aboard 417 documented vessels reported in distress by keepers of life saving stations, and the total number lost was 39.

Life Savers Do Big Work.

Of the 1,463 vessels of all kinds which met with accidents, the life savers rendered assistance to 1,407, valued with their cargoes at $10,179,230. Other succor rendered by the life saving service included the rescue of 137 persons from drowning, surgical aid to 60 persons suffering from gunshot wounds, broken limbs or bruises, and the recovery of 150 bodies of persons who had met death by jumping or falling from piers and bridges, breaking through the ice, or in other ways.

Nine of this number were suicides.

The net expenditures for maintaining the service for the year were $2,249,875.68. The enactment of the bill passed at the last session of congress by the senate providing retirement pay for members of the life saving service and others of the field service, incapacitated for duty is urged in the report.

KING OF GAMBLERS ABDICATES

Richard Canfield Will Retire Now to Enjoy Wealth.

New York, Dec. 29.—Richard Canfield, known as the "king of gamblers," denied yesterday that he is to receive a gambling concession from President Gomez of Cuba or from President Diaz of Mexico, and at the same time let it be known that he has quit the game of chance for good and all.

The beginning of the end of Canfield's career as a gambler was the raid of his place eight years ago by District Attorney Jerome. Canfield pleaded guilty in court to the charge of being a common gambler and paid a fine of $1,000 to save the wealthy young society men taken in the raid from being put on the stand. After that raid he was offered $30,000 a year to manage a gambling casnio in one of the most exclusive resorts in Europe, but he declined at the request, he says, of his 12-year-old daughter.

Canfield is rich enough to have everything he wants and is determined to enjoy the rest of his days with his family, a few intimate friends and his pictures, for the former foremost gambler in America is a highly educated man of fine artistic tastes, a connoisseur of paintings and tapestry.

DUCK SWALLOWED LIKE JONAH

Bird Escapes Alive From Codfish, Only to Be Shot.

Nantucket, Mass., Dec. 29.—A fisherman brought ashore yesterday a mammoth cod with a phenomenally large pouch. While dressing his fare a hunter stopped to chat. The big cod caught his eye and the fisherman opened it. There was a commotion within and, to the astonishment of the onlookers, aut floundered a full-sized "shoal duck."

Apparently dazed, the duck hovered overhead a second or two, preparatory to starting on its flight, but it was a fatal hesitation, for the gunner promptly drew his double-barrel to his shoulder and fired, killing the bird.

This is the explanation. On seeing the fisherman approach, the bird dived and had been swallowed whole by the codfish, which, a moment after, was caught. Enough air passed through the gills of the fish to permit the duck to breathe.

WOMEN TO WAR ON HATPINS

Start Crusade to Shorten and Dull Long Hatholders.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 28.—Women of the Indepqendence Avenue Methodist church, the Wabash Avenue Christian church and several other churches in Kansas City have organized to suppress the objectionable long hat pins and stiff feathers with sharp points in common use on women's hats. First the women in the organization began at home, and after clipping off several inches of their own hat pins and blunting the sharp ends of hat feathers they turned to the millinery of their daughters.

That finished, they began to campaign among their friends and neighbors.

"We are meeting with gratifying success," one of the women of the Independence Avenue Methodist church said. Other women's organizations in other churches have taken the matter up, and the campaign in Kansas City has become widespread.

HUMAN MAGNET STOPS WATCH

Not One Runs More Than Two Days on Indiana Man.

Oxford, Ind., Dec. 28.—Thomas Carr, Jr., a farmer, is known as the human magnet who stops watches. This peculiarity of Carr's temperament developed about a year ago, when a watch he had been carrying suddenly stopped. It was taken to a jeweler. Before the examination the watch was running again. In two hours it had stopped again.

GIRL GUNBOAT SPONSOR

Washington, Dec. 30.—Miss Macon, daughter of Representative Macon, of Arkansas, has been selected as sponsor for the battleship Arkansas, which is to be launched at the yard of the New York Shipbuilding Co., at Camden, N. J., on January 14.

ECONOMISTS FINISH

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 30.—Closing sessions of the annual conventions of the American Economic association, the American political science association, the American Sociological association and the American statistical association were held today. Taxation, Socialism and conservations were the general subjects discussed.

A $5,000,000 RAISE

Fifty Western Roads Grant Demands Following Engineers' Boost.

Chicago, Dec. 30.—A slightly belated Christmas present of $5,000,000 was handed to the conductors and trainmen of 50 western roads yesterday.

It represented an increase of 10 per cent of their salaries. The settlement was reached at a conference here, and will go into effect at once.

Less than a week ago the engineers reached a settlement of their wage demands, receiving an increase of $4,000,000. Nine million dollars is the total increase that the paymasters will hand out to the railroad employes during the coming year over that paid out during the past year.

Seventy-five thousand men's wages will be affected. The agreement was signed by A. W. Trenhold, chairman of the railroad managers' committee; A. B. Garretson, president of the Order of Railway Conductors, and W. G. Lee, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

It's a Compromise.

The settlement also virtually marks the end of the great wage movement begun by railroad employes of the country more than a year ago. Most of the railroads of the country, eastern, southern and western, as a result of the demands of the employes, have granted increases to nearly $100,000,000 annually, and affecting practically every branch of the service, with the possible exception of the clerical force.

The present agreement is a compromise and is regarded by the brotherhood leaders as a good settlement. A demand of 15 per cent was presented originally, and this was scaled down until the railroads offered a raise of 10 per cent.

A total of 20,000 conductors and 55,000 trainmen will be benefited by the new agreement. The settlement includes this class of employes in all branches of the train service, including conductors, trainmen, baggagemen, brakemen and flagmen in passenger and freight service.

All Western Roads Affected.

Every important railroad system, beginning with and including the Illinois Central, operating west to the Pacific coast and from Port Arthur, Ont., in the north, including the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern, to the Gulf of Mexico and the Rio Grande, is a party to the settlement. Coupled with the increase granted by eastern railroads, the total annual increase granted conductors and trainmen amounts to $35,000,000.

Raise in Spite of Themselves.

As a result of the settlement the conductors and trainmen employed on the Canadian Pacific are confronted by a peculiar situation. The employes on this road voted against participating in the general western wage movement on the ground that they could get more by "individual negotiation" with the road direct.

Officials of the company, however, refused to follow the lead of the employes, and sent a representative to the Chicago conferences and accepted the settlement as agreed to by the railroads in the United States.

This means that the Canadian Pacific employes were granted a 10 per cent raise against their will.

MORE SUGAR FRAUDS FOUND

Federal Jury Finds False Weights Used in New Orleans.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 30.—That the federal government has been defrauded out of more than a million dollars in import duties at New Orleans, through false weights and improper grading of sugar, was developed by the grand jury investigation, which was in progress here for two weeks before the holidays, according to unofficial information made public here today. It is said that no criminal prosecution is to follow the investigation, but that the government will bring suits against certain sugar refineries to recover the alleged unpaid duties.

The grand jury is expected to reconvene next week and present its report on the sugar probe.

BILLIARDS IN WHITE HOUSE

Hoppe and Longworth Matched for an Exhibition Game.

New York, Dec. 30.—Willie Hoppe, balk line billiard champion of the world, and Nicholas Longworth, Representative from Ohio, have been matched for a quiet little game in Washington next Saturday. Hoppe will undertake to discount the member from Ohio and then some on a table that has been set up in the White House, and President Taft and some of his intimate friends will be the spectators.

Hoppe is the first billiardist to give an exhibition in the executive mansion. Several years ago he toured Europe and performed before royalty in several countries, but he is the first expert to play before the "Crowned Heads" of the United States.

Nick Longworth will take a stick merely to give the exhibition the form of a contest. Longworth is a cuist of average, ordinary ability.

CHIEF IS BURIED

Kinta, Okla., Dec. 30.—Green McCurtain, late governor of the Choctaw Nation was buried yesterday. Government officials, members of Governor Haskell's staff, and the highest officials of the Choctaw nation acted as pall bearers.

"The Only Thing That Will Relieve Neuralgia."

The piercing pains of Neuralgia, which often follows a bad cold or La Grippe, are frequently almost unbearable and few medicines afford any relief to the sufferer.

"I am a rural mail carrier and have been a user of the Dr. Miles medicines for years.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills can't be beaten. They are the only thing I have found that will relieve my neuralgia and I have tried most everything, besides medicine from the doctor. I am willing to tell anyone what the Anti-Pain Pills did for me."

CHARLES HILDERBRANDT,
Box 205 Woodvill, Ohio

If you, like Mr. Hilderbrandt, "have tried most everything" in vain, why not do as he did, fight your aches and pains with Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. Let the pills bear the brunt of the battle. No matter how stubborn the contest, they will come out victorious.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills stand on their record, which is a long list of cures extending back a generation.

Druggists everywhere sell them. If first package fails to benefit, your druggist will return your money.
MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

JAPS ANGRY AT SEARCH

Homes in Philippines Entered in Hunt for Powder.

Manila, Dec. 28.—Pursuant to the receipt of secret information, Maj. Gen. Duvall, U. S. A., the retiring commander of the department of the Philippines, caused military agents to obtain the assistance of the police in searching one store and several Japanese homes for explosives.

The search was futile and has caused resentment in the Japanese colony. The residences visited included that of the agent of the mercantile house of Hitsui Bussan Co., limited.

Not Ordered at Washington.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 28.—No instructions have gone forward from Washington to Gen. Duvall or to any one in authority at Manila to conduct a search of the homes of the Japanese there. It is assumed that Gen. Duvall is acting in conjunction with the civil authorities. It was reported by secret service agents that stores of arms and ammunition had been collected and secreted by civilians in the Philippines.

Regulations Are Stringent.

It is pointed out here that, following the European custom, the Philippine government has enacted severe laws against the illegal possession of arms and weapons. No civilian is allowed to have these without a permit issued by the authorities, and it is assumed that this last search was general in character and not directed especially against Japanese

VETERAN SOLDIER QUITS ARMY

Brig. Gen. Walter Howe Goes on Retired List.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 30.—Today after a career of nearly 45 years of faithful and efficient service as an officer of the United States army, Brig. Gen. Walter Howe, for some time past commander of the department of Dakota, was placed on the retired list on account of having reached the age limit for active service. The vacancy caused by his retirement in the list of brigadier generals is to be filled by the promotion of Col. Joseph W. Duncan, of the Sixth Infantry.

General Howe is from Indiana and was graduated from the United States military academy in 1867. During his early service he participated in various campaigns against the Indians, notably in 1868, under Gens. Sheridan and Custer; in the Powder River expedition in 1876, under Gen. Crook, when he commanded a force of some 200 friendly Indians, and again in the Modoc war in 1873.

SOUSA'S BAND TOURS WORLD

Is Leaving for Trip Through Europe and Asia.

New York, Dec. 30.—When Sousa's band sails from this city tomorrow for England it will mark the beginning of the first great world tour ever undertaken by a musical organization of similar character. The tour will last about ten months and will embrace nearly all the principal countries of the world.

After giving 100 concerts in Great Britain and Ireland the band will be heard in some of the leading cities of Germany and France. From Europe the tour will extend to South Africa, where it is planned to spend three months. Australia will be visited next and possibly India, China and Japan will be included in the itinerary, though this has not been definitely decided. En route across the Pacific a stop will be made at Honolulu, where four concerts will be given.

The band will arrive at Vancouver near the latter part of next October. From Vancouver the organization will tour the Pacific coast and then proceed east by way of Canada.

HOXSEY HURDLES MOUNTAIN; RISES 10,000 FEET TO DO IT

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 30.—Hurdling mountains was the pastime resorted to yesterday by Arch Hoxsey, holder of the world's altitude at 11,474 feet, when he flew over Mount Wilson, the highest crest of the range which surrounds his spacious valley. He went up 10,005 feet, which took him 4,200 feet above Mount Wilson.

This flight demonstrated a new method of transporting armies across mountain ranges, according to Lieutenant Vernor Boller and several other regular officers who are here witnessing the exhibition.

Uses Heavy Biplane.

Hoxsey used a heavy stock Wright biplane, equipped for passenger service, and he made the journey from the field to a point beyond the mountains in one hour and 28 minutes.

The distance is estimated at 34 miles.

News of his success was flashed to the aviation field by telephone from the Carnegie Solar Observatory on Mount Wilson, directly above which the aviator soared.

"I'm fearfully cold," said Hoxsey, "and when I got to a point just above the summit I found that the haze, which obscured the mountains from the aviation field, was a heavy pall of vapor filled with fine ice particles that stung my face. I am certain that if I had had a recording thermometer with me it would have shown the temperature of the upper altitude to be far below zero. However, hurdling mountains is much easier than climbing 11,000 feet over a valley of the sea. The earth does not seem so far away."

The crowd got a thrill by an accident which nearly resulted in the death of Hubert Latham, the French aeroplane expert, who made a valiant attempt to save Glenn Martin, the California novice, when the latter lost control of his machine and was blown into a fence by a 20-mile wind. Latham was in front of the judges' box when Martin brought his machine down.

Latham immediately realized the danger, and, rushing out, caught hold of the machine and desperately tried to turn it away from the fence, but he miscalculated its speed and was dashed to the ground. The running gear of the machine, which weighs 900 pounds, missed. Latham's face only by a few inches, and Martin and his biplane sped into the fence with force enough to break the iron posts upon which the wire was stretched. Martin was hurled over the fence, but got up unhurt.

THE DEATH OF HOXSEY

Sudden Dip Tells Crowd That King Aviator Is on Last Voyage.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 1.—Arch Hoxsey, who was killed by a fall of 500 feet at the Los Angeles aviation meet Saturday, come into national prominence at St. Louis on October 11, when he took up for a short flight ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, who was then visiting that city.

The flight was not premeditated. Mr. Roosevelt had gone to the aviation field as a spectator, and was examining the machine when Hoxsey suggested that he take a flight.

Col. Roosevelt instantly threw off his silk hat and frock coat, donned a leather jacket and climbed aboard the machine. Hoxsey clambered after him and after two trials the motor was started and the aeroplane shot into the air. It sped quickly around the field at about the height of 100 feet and made the first lap of one and one-half miles before the crowd knew that Col. Roosevelt was in the machine. It sailed around the field a second time, going at the rate of about one mile a minute, and then Hoxsey dipped his planes and the aeroplane came easily to the earth.

Not a Bit Scared.

The first action of Col. Roosevelt after reaching the ground was to grasp Hoxsey by the hand in vigorous fashion. His face was beaming with smiles and he said.

"It was great. It was the finest experience I ever had. I wish I could stay up for an hour, but I haven't the time this afternoon."

"Did it feel scary?" he was asked.

"Not a bit. Not a bit. It was perfectly fine. I enjoyed every minute of it."

Col. Roosevelt's hosts were greatly relieved when he reached the ground, and declared that they were never so frightened in their lives as during the time the colonel and Hoxsey were careening over the field at such a terrific rate of speed. After the flight was over Hoxsey made the following statement:

Hoxsey Glad to Get Back.

"The colonel's birthday and my birthday are on the same date, October 27, which has always given me a partial feeling toward him, and I was determined to take him up with me. When I was introduced to him I said: 'Here is your chance to share it with me.' He replied, 'No,' and I said, 'Sure.'

"The colonel than said, 'All right, but don't make too much fuss about it when I am getting into the machine.' We started for the aeroplane at once, but the colonel beat me to it and was crawling in among the wires when I got there. I took him around the first lap without looking at him. We were up about 150 feet when I felt the machine wiggle a little, and turning around I saw the colonel waving his hat at the crowd in the pavilion. I yelled at him with all my power, 'Be careful and don't pull any of the strings.' He grinned at me and replied, 'Nothing doing.' In another minute we were back at the starting pint and I was never so glad of anything in my life as when we came to a full stop.

"When the crowd gathered around us, we were separated for a few minutes, but he reached over the shoulders of several of the people to shake hands and told me I was 'all right.'"

10,000 See Tragedy.

The tragedy here yesterday was witnessed by 1,000 persons who had assembled to view the afternoon's flying. Before reaching that fatal angle in the air when he dashed vertically downward, Hoxsey had been gliding from an altitude of 7,000 feet. The descent was beautifully accomplished and it would have been impossible for anyone not an expert to understand that what he was doing was not the easiest thing in the world.

He had been in the air one hour and eight minutes and shortly before the catastrophe was circling east of the field at the very summit of his day's flight. He had swung, seemed to poise about a mile above ground—perhaps a mile east of the field. At this point he struck a glide and came at a downward cant of perhaps 30 degrees in a line which, if projected, would have taken him about the middle of the back field.

Crowd Sees What's Coming.

Suddenly a cry went up from the grand stand and the thousands banked along the fence. They seemed to understand vaguely in that instant that a tragedy of the air was about to be enacted, for the ship tipped from its steep gliding angle and dived straight downward. The declivitous flight at this angle continued only for an instant, for the great Wright machine, looking like some huge wounded bird, tipped until it appeared that it would turn a complete somersault in the air, then swerved, came to a straight vertical angle again and shot down with the swiftness of an arrow.

A cry went up from the multitude, a suppressed cry that was a moan, and then all was silent except for the mad rush of the men across the field to where the wrecked machine lay beyond the bulging ground and hid from sight. There was hope in every heart that the daring pilot of the air might be found uninjured, or not seriously hurt, but those who arrived first saw that he had gone on his last voyage. The head and right side were crushed in from the heavy machinery amidst which he sat. They lifted the machine from his body, placed him in the ambulance and rushed him to the Emergency hospital. But there was no need for medical or surgical service, for there is no question in the minds of those who first arrived that Hoxsey's life was extinct at the moment he struck the ground. The machine was absolutely wrecked, the plane and rods of the machine all being in an unrecognizable tangle.

ARREST PASTOR FOR SPEEDING

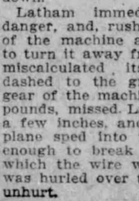
Millionaire Minister Is Arrested and Found Guilty.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 30.—Rev. Dr. Walter D. Buchanan, pastor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian church of New York, was found guilty of exceeding the automobile speed limit by a jury in the superior court here today. The clergyman, it is believed, will appeal.

Dr. Buchanan is a brother of the late Mrs. R. G. Dun, widow of the founder of the mercantile agency of that name, and recently inherited an estate of several million dollars by her will.

He was arrested in Pawtucket for overspeeding on Sept. 2 last. In the local district court, despite his protest he was fined $15 and costs. He appealed.

Don't Wear a Truss



FREE STUART'S PLAS TR PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending **TRIAL OF PLAPAO** absolutely **FREE.** Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address—

TRIAL OF PLAPAO PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 38, St. Louis, Mo.

Name .....

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Return mail will bring Free trial Plapao.....

FREE TREATMENT FOR HEART DISEASE

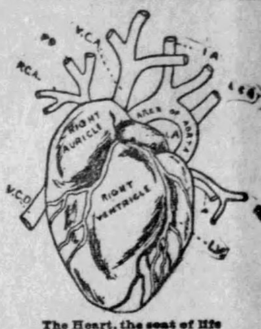
We are giving away ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE a regular full course of our world famous treatment for the Heart and Nerves, also our fine, illustrated book telling all about the causes of these diseases and how they can be permanently cured, BOTH FREE—to all who are troubled with Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the Heart, Headache, Short Breath, Dropsy, Asthma, Stomach and Kidney Trouble (often caused by weak Heart), Constipation, Dizziness, Nosebleed, Numbness, Sinking Spells, Pain in Heart, Side, or Shoulder Blade, Nervousness, Trembling Twitching, Nightmare, or a general weak, vitaliless run-down, condition.

If you have any of these sure symptoms, something's wrong with your Heart, and this fine treatment is just what you need.

Six out of every ten persons have Heart Disease! Sixty thousand people die of it every year. They doctor the Stomach, Kidneys, or Female Organs when all the time it's really the Heart that's causing all the trouble, and that's daily getting worse though they don't even suspect it.

Lots of people make this mistake, they say, "It don't amount to anything—it's my stomach, I guess,—it will go away of itself," and some day all of a sudden they drop dead of Heart Disease, just as you read about every day.

Don't take any more chances, no matter what you may think your trouble is, no matter if some common doctor has said you can't be cured; be fair to yourself, give us a chance, and write today for this complete course of free treatment and book. We will send both by mail in plain package, securely sealed, post paid and there will be



The Heart, the seat of Life

L. V.—Left Ventricle.
L. C. A.—Left Coronary Artery.
I. A.—Innominate Artery.
V. C.—Vena Cava.
P. D. & P. S.—Arteries to the Lungs.
A.—Aorta.

NO CHARGE WHATEVER

for it in any way. Please remember, this isn't just a little "sample" or "trial," neither is it "patent medicine," but a generous, genuine, course of treatment, and it's yours gladly and freely, just for the asking—because we want to show you without cost what it will do.

It has cured—we don't mean just helped, but cured—thousands of cases of Heart Disease—many of which had been pronounced hopeless.

Don't let this chance go by—accept our offer NOW! It's made in all sincerity and friendliness from our true desire to send this free help to every sufferer who needs it.

Our offer is absolutely, completely HONEST, as the Publisher of this paper will gladly tell you.

Answer all our questions carefully, write your name and address plainly in the Coupon, cut them both out and mail to us today. We will send you the full course of free Treatment and Book at once.

Address,

HEART CURE CO.,
Associated Specialists in Heart Disease
332 Masonic Bldg., Hallowell, Me.

What is your age?
How long have you had Heart Trouble?
Does your heart flutter?
Does it ever skip beats?
Does your Heart palpitate?
Do you sta t in your sleep?
Are you short of breath?
Do you f ee numb spells?
Do you have weak, d zzy or sinking spells?
Are you nervous, irritable, weak and run down?
Do your feet, legs or ankles swell?
Does your stomach have an "all-gone" feeling?
Have pai in your heart, side or shoulder blade?

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Heart Cure Co., Heart Specialists,
382 Masonic Building, Hallowell, Maine.

Please send me postpaid and entirely free of charge, your course of special treatment for my case, also your free book.

MY AGE IS .....
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

FREE $1.00 BOX ON TRIAL

IF SEEKING HEALTH----READ THIS

Biel's New Nerve Tablets act on the vital organs like steam on an engine. They generate vital warmth and nerve energy. They make you feel strong, vigorous and full of natural vim and nerve force, which makes you equal to the duties of life. If you are weak, nervous lack strength, energy, ambition, feel run down, worn out, or are restless, thin, have poor memory, or suffer with pains in the kidneys, liver, heart, side or shoulder, we will send you a full dollar box on trial. When you are satisfied that our Tablets restore health and vitality, then send us $1. You are not required to pay one penny if you are not perfectly satisfied that they will restore you to Health and Strength. Send your name and address and we will mail you a dollar box at once.

Biel Mfg. Co., 138 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

Latest Census Figures

Washington, Dec. 31.—Population statistics of the thirteenth census issued today by the census bureau included the following cities:

	1910.	1900.
Minnesota.		
Virginia	10,473	2,982
Crookston	7,559	6,359
Texas.		
Beaumont	20,640	9,427
Denis	13,632	11,807
Palestine	10,482	8,297
Paris	11,399	9,858
Sherman	12,419	10,243
Tyler	10,400	8,069

EIGHT MEN ARE KILLED IN MINE

Bluefield, W. Va., Dec. 31.—Eight men were killed and two injured in the S. Lick Fork mine of the Red Jacket Coal Co., near Thacker, when a mine car ran away, knocking props down and allowing thousands of tons of coal to fall on the victims.

GALLAGHER SANE, 'TIS SAID

Expert Declares at Hearing Gaynor's Assailant Is Shamming.

New York, Jan. 3.—An inquiry into the sanity of James J. Gallagher, who shot Mayor Gaynor, was begun before supreme court justice Swayze in Jersey City. Two common pleas judges also sat on the bench and before argument by counsel the court ordered that a jury be summoned to consider the case. If Gallagher is pronounced insane he will be committed to an asylum, but if adjudged sane he will immediately be put on trial on charge of attempting to kill Street Commissioner Edwards, who was shot while defending Mayor Gaynor.

A jury was quickly drawn, and Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, of the Manhattan state hospital for the insane, who examined Gallagher four times in the Hudson county jail, testified that the prisoner was "a sane man, legally sane and sane also from the medical vi

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By ELIZABETH.

NOW that the holidays are done with for the year that has passed, we have a nice, clean new year to begin with, and perhaps while it is running its course, we may do some of the things we left undone in the year, numbered with the vanished.

The thrifty ones have saved the boxes and folded away for future use, the tissue paper and gay ribbons that made attractive the Christmas parcels. The novelty has worn off the Christmas gifts, and they are fulfilling their missions of being useful or ornamental. They are no longer displayed on tables or on the top of the piano, if you happen to own one of the old-fashioned, square grand variety. Their spacious tops, are so convenient for placing things we do not know what else to do with.

The calendars for 1911 are hung where they will give best service to those who have, or must have, the calendar habit and conduct their lives according to dates. There are 12 leaves on every calendar—count them if you do not believe me—and each one of these leaves is an unwritten page, so far as we are personally concerned. It is the blank book in which we may write much or little history during the coming year. Whether it will be pleasant or unpleasant reading when the year is ended, is, to a great extent up to ourselves to direct. The experiences of the past year may have taught us something, if we have awakened minds and are not lost in snoring slumber, when it comes to a realization of our own faults and failings. These, it is more important for us to correct, than it is to labor with the shortcomings of others. A shining example is far better to hitch our wagons to, than some remote and far-off star.

The magazines for the first month of the new year are in circulation. New serial stories have begun, together with new articles of varied nature in the way of recording the progress of the world, or for the difusion of new knowledge, which means future progress of the world.

New enterprises are being started. Old debts are being settled and paid. The wheels are going round and round with renewed energy and imtus, in all lines of endeavor, commercial and otherwise. Dreams of the so-called idealists are coming true and being put to practical application. By the way, did you ever know an idealist's dreams to hold anything of unkindness? In most cases they have for their backing, some plan for the betterment of humankind.

The wheels of progress are traveling, slowly but surely, in that direction. Those who take thought of others, are increasing in number. The human, rather than the inhuman is developing. This is, of course, the bright side of the picture, but this is true, if you keep to the bright side, and hold it uppermost, in spite of the dire prophesying of those who always see the hole in the doughnut, rather than the sweetness by which it is surrounded, the colors you lay on in helping to paint life's pi ure, will be of the sunny hue, though we must have some knowledge of the dark side, in order to know how and when and where to lay on the sunshine tints.

Looking for the best is a much more pleasant and profitable occupation than looking for the worst. Always there is a best, somewhere in everyone. It must be found, if it is to be developed. This is another truth the band of humanity's explorers is discovering and putting to use.

"Old debts settled and paid," does not mean debts involving money exclusively, though these are by no means of the least importance. When it comes to money everyone knows the better way is to pay as we go, then we shall not travel faster and farther than we have mileage for. What everyone knows is not always what everyone does.

Debts in another connection means cherishing grievances, nourishing wrongs, holding to enmities, in none of which there is any good. We make ourselves unhappy by doing these things, so what's the use? Wipe out all old scores of this sort by forgetting them, and start nice and clean, with the nice and clean new year.

Written on a Merry Christmas-Happy New Year post card, recently and thankfully received, was this:

"Give us some more of your jolly good letters and good cheer, for we all need it."

This is a message that comes to me more times than I can number. "We all need it," the "it" meaning good cheer. Well, if so many need it, if so many know how much it is needed, why not get into the game and be "it" and so cheer yourselves while you are passing on good cheer? Think it over.

While, as previously remarked, Christmas is over and done with for the present, still there are Christmas echoes in the air. One of these echoes is from a lady friend of mine who mixed her presents up in the case of gifts to a man and womanbeing on her list of friends. In her excitement and hurry she sent two dainty doilies to the man. The woman received a necktie and some substantial socks. The mistake was not discovered until it was too late to unmix the mix and the one who had made it suffered much agitation thereby.

This sort of thing has been done many a time before, but it is none the less disturbing to the one who does it, even when history is but repeating itself. As it turned out, the matter was self-adjusting, or rather the recipients of the misfit gifts adjusted it, by passing the presents on, where they would do the most good. Incidentally it may be hinted, that most difficulties will adjust themselves if we sit tight and do the best we can, while we wait for time to assist in the process of adjusting.

Well, this will be about all for today, and may you find it to your liking.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

When you get to thinking yourself the great "I am," watch out for the cracks in the sidewalk. You are on your way to taking a fall.

You never know what a valuable possession a good temper is, until you lose it.

The thing ye have to do before we try to teach others the way they should go, is to learn the way ourselves.

If you stick to kindness and courtesy under all circumstances, you cannot go very far wrong, even if you get called a fool for your pains.

There are cases where as much love and generosity are shown in not giving as in giving.

To disregard the rights of others, is to find yourself disregarded in time of need.

The "getting even" business is a poor one. Sooner or later it forces you to make an assignment.

Half of the time when the world seems like a wilderness of woe, it is because you are "tired to death."

There are too many who make tragedies out of life's little annoyances.

Home is the place to practice your best temper and company manners.

"Flying off the handle" never pays. It takes so long to get back on again.

It is a wise man or woman who known when not to "butt in."

It looks queer when those engaged in doing good in its various forms and phases, get mad about it.

Likewise it looks queer to quarrel about the right road to heaven. The "go my way or you won't get there" spirit is far from being saintly.

A thought in time is as wise a thing as the stitch in time.

If you have not said "Happy New Year" to anyone, it is not yet too late.

Don't for get to remember it is your business to keep yourself and other people as bright and happy as you can.

Think twice before you tell anything unpleasant to the one you fancy "ought to know it."

If the weather is dark and stormy, you never need be part of the storm.

MINUS THE PEOPLE

Some weeks ago two little girls of six and seven years old heard a party of older people discussing skeletons. The six-year-old lass listened intently to the conversation, when the elder girl, with an air of superior knowledge, said abruptly:

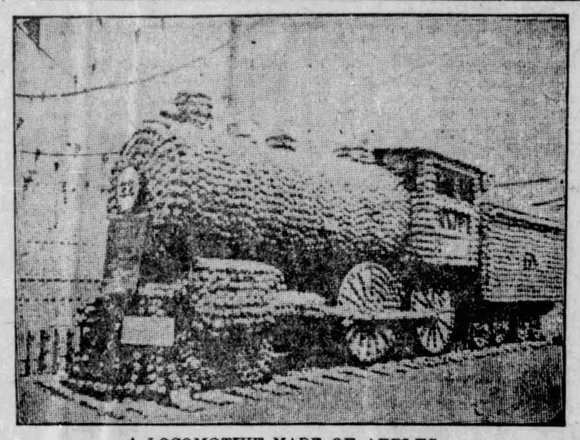
"You don't know what a skeleton is, and I do."

"So do I!" sharply replied the younger. "I do know! I know for certain, I do!"

"Well, now, what is it?" the elder wanted to know.

"Why, it's bones with the people off, that's what it is.

OBJECTS OF INTEREST



A LOCOMOTIVE MADE OF APPLES.

A FRIEND of ours in Tennessee sends to us this incident of civil war days, and the picture with which it is illustrated.

A few weeks past, he writes, I visited our state capital, Nashville. While in that beautiful city seeing the many sights, I saw the Sam Davis monument which stands near the corner of the capitol building. As I read the inscription of this splendid bronze statue, I thought of the Household Page, so I took pencil and copied the inscription, which is as follows:

"Sam Davis of Tennessee, born October 6, 1842, near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, educated at the Western Military Institute, at Nashville.

"Early in the civil war he joined the Confederate army, Co. 9, 1st Tennessee regiment. In 1863 he was assigned to Shaw's scouts, Cheatham's division. In November, 1863, when on duty, uniformed in Confederate butternut and gray, Davis was captured in his native state within the federal lines. Important papers, descriptive of the federal fortifications and forces were found upon his person. These papers had been given Davis by Captain Shaw, who had also been captured and was confined in the same prison.

"Davis was tried by court martial, condemned to death, and executed at Pulaska, November 27. The federal commander offered Davis his life if he would tell who gave him the papers. To this offer, under the very shadow of the gallows, Davis made his immortal reply: 'I would die a thousand deaths before I would betray a friend.'

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.

"'The boys will have to fight the battle without me.'

"He gave all that he had—life. He gained all that he lacked—immortality."

Hoping that all readers of The Blade will live long and scatter smiles and sunshine along the rugged paths of life, I am, yours truly,—H. Clint Wood, Indian Springs, Tennessee.

One of the most unique and attractive features on exhibition at the great horticultural exhibition recently held at Sebastopol, Cal., says a writer in the January Wide World, was a huge "apple locomotive." All the exterior parts of this immense "fruit engine" were composed of large and beautiful apples, of which thousands were used in the completion of the work. At first a wooden frame—an exact duplicate of a railway engine—was built, and all over this were placed apples, in tasty and artistic patterns. When all this work was completed there stood the perfect figure of a big "apple locomotive." Under a brilliant electric light the work presented a magnificent appearance—fairly dazzling. To build such a figure required much care, artistic skill, time, and no little expense. The total length of this "fruit engine" is 26 feet, while from the apple roadbed and ties up to the top of the stack is nearly 10 feet. No detail has been omitted in the work. Every appurtenance belonging to a real, genuine locomotive is there, including cowcatcher, boiler, headlight, stack, whistle, bell, sandchamber, cab and tender. It is needless to add that this splendid piece of work was the central figure of public admiration, interest and curiosity; also that the huge "apple locomotive" was awarded the highest premium of the Horticultural Exposition.

POETS' CORNER

MARTHA HOPKINS

A Ballad of Indiana.
By the Muse.

In the kitchen, Martha Hopkins, as she stood there making pies,
Southward looks along the turnpike, with her hand above her eyes;
Where along the distant hillside her yearling heifer feeds,
And a little grass is growing in a mighty sight of weeds.

All the air is full of noises, for there isn't any school,
And the boys, with turned up trousers, are wading in the pool;
Blithely frisk unnumbered chickens, cackling—(for they cannot laugh),
Where the airy summits brighten nimbly leaps the little calf.

Gentle eyes of Martha Hopkins, tell me, wherefore do ye gaze
On the ground that's being furrowed for the planting of the maize;
Tell me, wherefore down the valley ye have traced the turnpike's way,
Far beyond the cattle pasture and the brickyard with its clay?

Ah! the dogwood tree may blossom and the door-yard grass may shine
With the tears of amber dropping from the washing on the line;
And the morning's breath of balsam lightly brush her freckled cheek—
Little recketh Martha Hopkins of the tales of spring they speak.

When the summer's burning solstice on the bounteous harvest glowed
She had watched a man on horseback ride riding down the turnpike road;
Many times she saw him turning, looking backward, quite forlorn,
Till amid her tears she lost him, in the shadow of the barn.

Ere the suppertime was over he had passed the kiln of brick,
Crossed the rushing yellow river and had forded quite a creek,
And his flatboat had been taken, filled up full with pork and beans,
By the traders of the Wabash to the wharf at New Orleans.

Often sees she men on horseback riding down the turnpike rough.
But they come not as John Jackson, she can see it well enough;
Well she knows the sober trotting of the sorrel horse he keeps,
As he jogs along at leisure with his head down like a sheep's.

She would know him 'mid a thousand by his home-made coat and vest;
By his socks, which were blue woolen, such as farmers wear out west;
By the color of his trousers and his saddle which was spread,
By a blanket which was taken for that purpose from the bed.

None like he the yoke of hickory, on the unbroken steer can throw,
None amid his father's cornfields use like him the spade and hoe;
And at all the apple-cuttings few indeed the men are seen
Who can dance with him a horn-pipe, touch with him the violin.

Once he said to Martha Hopkins, and she thinks she hears him now,
For she knew as well as can be that he meant to keep his vow—
"When the buckeye tree has blossomed and your uncle plants his corn,
Shall the bells of Indiana usher in our wedding morn."

He has pictured his relations each in Sunday hat and gown,
And he thinks he'll get a carriage and they'll spend a day in town;
That their love will newly kindle and what comfort it will give
To sit down to the first breakfast in the cabin where they'll live.

But her eager eyes rekindle, she forgets her pies and bread,
As she sees a man on horseback, round the corner of the shed.
Now tie on another apron, get the comb and smooth your hair,
'Tis the sorrel horse that gallops, 'tis John Jackson's self that's there!

THE DANUBE RIVER

By Hamilton Aide.

Do you recall that night in June,
Upon the Danube river,
We listen'd to a Landler tune,
We watch'd the moonbeams quiver?
I oft since then have watched the moon,
But never, love, oh, never, never
Can I forget that night in June,
Upon the Danube river.

Our boat kept measure with its oar,
The music rose in snatches,
From peasants dancing on the shore,
With boist'rous songs and catches.
I know not why that Landler rang,
Through all my soul, but never, never
Can I forget the songs they sang
Upon the Danube river.

Please be kind enough not to send any poetry other than in answer to requests. It is impossible to print as fast as it is wanted the poetry for which we are asked.

A poem entitled Watching By the Golden Gate is wanted. Opening lines are: "Have you ever heard the story, How an angel bright and fair?"

THE YOUNG MARINER'S DREAM

By Diamond.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory each scene gayly covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
Now far, far behind him, the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jasmine clambers with its flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With those of a sister, whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse, his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"O God! thou hast blest me; I ask for no more."

Ah, whence is that flame which now bursts on his eyes?
Ah, what is that sound which now larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting wrath on the sky,
'Tis the crashing of thunder, the groan of the sphere.

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck—
Amazement confronts him with images dire—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck—
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave.

O, sailor boy! woe to thy dream of delight.
In darkness dissolves the gay frost work of bliss;
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

O, sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unblessed, and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight, if winter, thy dirge.

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid;
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair, yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye—
O, sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul.

LITTLE ROSEWOOD CASKET

By Anna Burke.

In that little rosewood casket,
That is resting on my stand,
Is a package of old letters,
Written by a cherished hand.

Will you go and get them, sister,
Will you read them o'er to me,
For ofttimes I've tried to read them,
But for tears I could not see.

Read those precious lines so slowly
That I'll not miss even one,
For those cherished hands that wrote them,
His last work for me is done.

You have got them, now, dear sister,
Come sit down upon my bed,
And press gently to your bosom
This poor throbbing, aching head.

Tell him that I never blamed him,
Though to me he's proved untrue;
Tell him that I'll ne'er forget him,
Till I bid this world adieu.

Tell him that I never blamed him,
Not an unkind word was spoke;
Tell, oh, tell him, sister, tell him
That my heart in coldness broke.

When I'm dead and in my coffin,
And my shroud's around me bound,
And my little bed is ready,
In the cold and silent ground,

Place his letters and his locket,
Place together o'er my heart;
But the little ring he gave me
From my finger never part.

You have finished, now, dear sister,
Will you read them o'er again?
While I listen to you read them,
I will lose all sense of pain.

While I listen to you read them,
I will gently fall asleep;
Fall asleep to wake with Jesus,
Oh, dear sister, do not weep.

POEMS REQUESTED

The hymn having the following for its first line, is wanted: When the evening shadows slowly gather.

Who knows the Scotch poem, "Remember the Good, Old Folks?"

The poem is requested that begins like this:
When I was a school boy aged ten,
A mighty little Greek I knew.

Can any one give the words to the song, "The Cottage by the Sea?"

This is a clue to a German dialect poem asked for: "I want to ask you someding, dear, Vot's dat noise every nite I hear?"

The presence of Old Uncle Ned in song is requested. This is how it begins: There's no more hard work for poor old Ned.

A poem very much wanted has these lines: Here in the great city my heart goes sorrowing.

The old-time song, Nicodemus, the Slave, is wanted.

AN ITINERANT LIBRARY

The most unique feature in traveling library work is the "book-wagon" originated by Miss Mary L. Titcomb, the librarian at Hagerstown, Md. It is a little library on wheels, the interior fitted with book shelves, and it has 16 regular routes out from Hagerstown, over the turnpikes and through the country lanes. When the book wagon stops before a white farmhouse, eager children and women in sunbonnets come down the path to the gate to help themselves from its shelves.—Mabel Potter Daggett in The Delineator for January.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good cheer.

CAPES AN APRONS

Dear Blade Readers—I have been reading The Blade and am very much pleased with it. About one year ago an old lady called at my house, canvassing for magazines and papers. I did not care for any of them, but to accommodate her I ordered this paper. I think now that I accommodated myself more than I did her, for there is so much nice reading in The Blade. I enjoy, especially, the letters from the children. They carry me back to my childhood days.

I was born in Lisbon, Maine, and lived there until I was seven years old. I am now seventy-five. The time I lived there seems longer to me than it has since. So many things happened while living there, that I remember. One occurrence in particular, I can never forget. It has followed me all these years, and I wish to relate it to you. My parents had fourteen children and I was next to the youngest. They brought up ten, so, of course, they had rather a hard time, and could not keep us dressed as well as many others. Two of the little girls who went to the same school where I did were always prettily dressed, and did not care to play with me; but one time I had, what the little girls were wearing at that time, a cape and apron. Now, these little girls, having some apples, said, one to the other, "Let's give her an apple, for she has a new cape and apron."

O, dear friends, that event has followed me all my long life, and I can tell you that it has been the more poorly dressed children that have been favored by me. If I had no children or grandchildren, what property I have would go to the children who cannot have "capes and aprons."

I must tell you a sequel to this affair. When I was sixteen years of age my father loaned the town several thousand dollars, while the father of one of those little girls was supported by the same town.—Yours sincerely, Mrs. Lucy A. King, Lewiston, Maine.

WANTS ADVICE

I should like to have the advice of some of the readers of this paper, who have been, or may be in circumstances like mine. I am twenty-five years old and have been married eight years. I have a happy home and three, stout, hearty children. My girl is six years of age. One of my boys is three years old, the other is a baby of nineteen months. I am very thankful for their good health, but I should like to know how to deal with them. It seems to me they are very noisy, and yet, I feel I should not be too cross, as they can never be children but once. I am very nervous, and then, I have my grandmother to consider. When I think the noise worries her, of course it makes it worse for me. The little girl always has been more or less babied by her grandma, and that makes it harder for the little boy. I want to do right by the children, and by myself and grandmother. She is seventy-four years old. Will some one who has had a like experience please write their ideas on this subject.—Ollie, Illinois.

IN OREGON

Dear Old Blade—As I have not seen any letter from this part of Oregon, I thought I would write a few words concerning our climate. We live in the lower Rogue River valley. The climate is very mild in winter, with the temperature 14 above zero at the coldest. Grass is green all winter. Green vines are seen now on porches after all."

and trellises, all over town, and some roses bloom all winter. We do not need cellars to keep our vegetables in, but just put them in boxes out in the woodhouse. The ground never freezes deeper than from two to four inches. We have an abundance of rain in Winter and some snow, while in summer there is continuous sunshine, and no thunder or wind storms. They are not known here yet. Fruit of all kinds is abundant. If I see this in print I will write some more about our town.—Louisa Stennett, Oregon.

CORN SYRUP

To the Friends of the Cozy Corner—I enjoy reading The Blade, especially the Household page. As my little girl came to me with a letter she had written to the M. G. R.'s yesterday, I thought I certainly can do as much.

I noticed a call for a recipe for corn syrup. This may not fill the bill, but it is an excellent substitute for maple syrup. I have had people say when I told them what it was, they knew I was fooling, that it surely was maple syrup. This is the way I make it: Twelve corn cobs, red prefered, as they give the proper color. Break each cob in several pieces, put them in one gallon of warm water, and boil down to about two quarts. Strain this liquid, and add 25 cents worth of good, brown sugar. Boil till thick enough to suit your taste.

We moved from Delta, O., to these north woods, nine years ago the past October. Several of our friends have been here during the past two years to visit. It surprised them, when they saw what we could raise. They were particularly surprised to find we can raise good corn. Of course, it is the early maturing varieties, but they yield well. I wish you all much pleasure and happiness during the holidays.—Nellie J. Moore, Michigan.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Well, now, they are all over and done with—the holidays, I mean. What are you people going to do with the rest of the winter? Have some fun in the Cozy Corner?—Elizabeth.

I have much appreciation for all the holiday messages you have so kindly sent my way. More than obliged.

Someone sent me a box of holly. It is in a green vase on my desk. The holly is there, not the box.

Please don't forget to remember to write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope of the letter you send to this page, no matter what may be the department it is for.

The Dick and Dot Stories

WHEN GRANDMA WAS SMALL

"Please tell us something that happened when you were a little girl, Grandma," Dot said one night.

"I was rather a naughty child, I am sorry to say," her grandmother told her, "but I never failed to receive punishment in some form for my mischief."

"Then tell us, please, about the very naughtiest thing you ever did," Dick requested.

"The worst thing I ever did, that I now recall, was when I was quite a small girl. Our whole household was thrown into a commotion one day when the news came that my great aunt was coming to visit us. I never had seen her, and I didn't know what a great aunt was, but I made up my mind that she must be something stupendous. I thought she would wear a tall crown, and that she would come on an elephant, sitting in great state in one of those little houses they put on an elephant's back when they want to ride him."

"Didn't she come like that, Grandma?" Dot wanted to know.

"No, indeed. She was a very rich woman, but saving of her money, and she wouldn't have wanted to pay for the keep of an elephant, even if she had cared to ride him. She came in a carriage like an ordinary aunt."

"Didn't she even wear a crown?" asked Dot.

"No, she wore a bonnet, and that is what I am going to tell you about. The bonnet was trimmed with a number of bunches of large purple grapes that looked so natural I thought they must have juice in them. After she had taken her bonnet off and had left the room, I went to the bed on which it was lying and gave one of the grapes a gentle squeeze. It popped with quite a loud noise, which so delighted me that I kept on until there was not a grape left, and it was a sorry piece of headgear, for there was nothing left on it to admire. When I saw how ridiculous the bonnet looked without the trimmings I realized what I had done, and I was utterly miserable. I supposed great aunts punished wrongdoers on a scale in proportion to their greatness, and I didn't think there would be much left of me by the time she had finished with me."

"Was there much left of you, Grandma?" asked Dick.

"Yes, as much as ever, but my great aunt, when she discovered what I had done, took a shining new silver dollar from her purse, saying that it had been her intention to give it to me, but that now she was obliged to let it help pay for new grapes for her bonnet. And she shut her purse and her mouth at the same time, both with an angry snap. A dollar seemed a fortune to me, so I was quite severely punished, after all."

Children's Letters.

Dear Blade—I am a boy, 13 years old. I live in eastern Ohio. There is a coal mine about a mile from here. The name of this mine is Black Diamond. I go to school about a half-mile from home. My teacher's name is Ellsworth Secrest. There are about 35 scholars. I have for pets a cat and a pup. The pup's name is Billy. I enjoy reading the children's letters very much and I have been wanting to write a letter for some time. My father takes The Blade and I like to read it. I always read the Poet's Corner and the children's letters first; then I read the news. As this is my first letter. I will close for this time.—Mac Heskett, Pleasant City, O.

Dear Children—Will you permit a Virginia girl to come again? I wrote once before but I did not see my letter in print. There are nine in our family. I have no father. He died in October. We live on a farm of 200 acres. We have two cows. We live in the country. I go to Sunday school. We live about two miles from the church. I will stop before my letter gets too long. I will sign the name my father used to call me—Rooster. My real name is Ruth F. Adkins, Roxbury, Virginia.

Dear Blade—I am a small boy of 13 years old. My papa has taken The Blade as long as I can remember, and the first thing I look for when The Blade comes, is the children's letters.

I live on a farm abut one-half mile from a railroad station. My pet is a little colt named Flash. I go to school which is about three-quarters of a mile from our farm, and I am in the Eighth grade. I like my teacher. Her name is Miss Lane. I like to take care of poultry and when I am a man, I will try to have a poultry farm. Hoping to see this in print, I will close. Your friend,—Charles J. Hanna, Wisconsin.

Dear Children—I am a farmer's girl and I am 10 years of age. My father has taken The Blade about four years. I love to read the letters from the western children. I have four pets—two dogs and two cats. One is a very large shepherd dog and I like him very much. I am the youngest of four children. My father has a farm of about 100 acres. We have had very much snow this season and when we go out sleighing the shepherd dog jumps in and goes, too.

As this is my first letter, I will leave you, and I hope I shall see this in print. If only little girl wants to write to me, here is my address—Helen H. Sheppard, Cedarville, N. J.

CAKE RECIPES

Mock Angel Food.

"This recipe requires the whites of only two eggs, but it will make cake that will melt in your mouth," says the Woman's Home Companion. "You can not fail if you follow directions carefully. Set one cupful of milk into a dipper of boiling water and heat to boiling-point. Into a sifter, put one cupful of flour (no more), one cupful of sugar, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, pinch of salt; sift together four times; into this pour the cupful of boiling milk and stir smooth. Then put in the well-beaten whites of two eggs. Do not stir or beat eggs into mixture. Fold them in carefully, drawing the spoon through mixture toward you, then shoving it back with the back of the spoon; next draw the spoon from right to left and shove mixture back with back of spoon. Repeat this until the whites are evenly folded into batter. Do not grease tin, nor flavor cake. Bake in moderate oven. Ice with XXXX sugar flavored with lemon or orange."

Eggless Cake.

Two cups rich sour cream, three cups sugar, five cups flour, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons lemon extract, one-half teaspoon salt. Stir the cream, sugar, salt and lemon together; dissolve the soda in a tablespoon of warm water and add to the other ingredients. Stir the flour in, a little at a time, until it has all been used. Bake in a moderate oven. It usually takes about 45 minutes to bake it.

Old-Fashioned Doughnuts.

Cream together two cupfuls of sugar and a half cupful of butter, beat three eggs light and add these and a cupful and a half of milk to the sugar and butter. Sift three teaspoonfuls of baking powder twice with five cupfuls of flour and put this with the other ingredients. When you have a dough which can be rolled out, stop adding flour, lest your doughnuts be too stiff and tough. Roll out the dough, cut it into rounds, cut smaller rounds from the center of each circle and fry in boiling fat to a golden brown. Lay on soft paper in a colander and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Sour Milk Doughnuts.

Two cups sour milk, one and a half cups sugar, two eggs, one teaspoon soda, a tablespoon lard and flour to make a batter stiff enough to roll out. Cream the lard and sugar, add the beaten egg and sour milk, dissolve the soda in a little warm water and add, then stir in the flour. Roll out and fry in hot fat.

Chocolate Filling.

One cup of brown sugar, six tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, or four of cream, one square of grated chocolate. Boil until it threads from the spoon, then beat until thick enough to spread.—Cassandra, Missouri.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear Friends—I am a stranger to you all, but I am a reader of The Blade, so have it in mind to take down my old, rusty pen from its hiding place, to offer heartfelt thanks and appreciation for all the nice letters.

I shall have to admit that I am not all sunshine, but I do not count myself all shadow. Notwithstanding this, I am made to believe that Elizabeth is right about our imaginary troubles (as many of them prove to be), hence I think her prescription, CHEERFULNESS, sounds good. It may not at all times seem easy to swallow, but I am one who believes in trying, so, dear readers, when we find ourselves drifting in the slough of despond rise above it and grow cheerful.

Just a few words to comply with the brother's wish who asked recently that each of us give a description of the country in which we live. I may not prove equal to the task, but here's trying. I am a southern girl, and live in the old Volunteer state, Tennessee. My home is in the eastern part, among the rocks and rills and fern-clad hill, broken by valleys, some of which are smooth and fertile.

Almost all kinds of grain and vegetables are raised here. Corn and hay are chief products among the farmers, therefore stock raising is an important industry. This is some of the many things I might say about our country. My concluding wish is that The Blade staff and its many readers may share bountifully the holiday blessings. Good-bye.—Ada W., Tennessee.

Thank you for that "waft."—Elizabeth.

Dear M. G. R.'s—Will you admit a stranger from Ohio for a few moments' chat? I was born and raised in the good old state of Ohio, and have never been out of its boundary lines, but hope to go some day. I live within three miles of Deshler, a town of some 2,000 population. This county—Henry—is fine for farming. Corn, oats and hay are the principal crops. I have taken The Blade for over a year, and read it through and through every week. The stories are certainly fine.

Like Keystone Lad, I have read a great deal and will say like he did, that Ishmael, or Self-Raised, is profitable reading. To tell you the number of books I have read would startle you, so I will only say that it would take three figures to write the number. I have preserved all the magazines I have received since 1900, and have quite a bunch I can tell you.

Another hobby of mine is to preserve everything that interests me in the newspapers. This is the way I preserve them: I have a long store box set on end with a door in front, and shelves on the inside, every 8 inches or more apart. On these shelves I have small boxes and in these boxes I have what I wish to preserve. In one I have current events; in another historical pictures; another holds jokes and so on. The next time I write I will tell you the number of each which I have and if it does not startle you then I am mistaken.

My chief pastime these long winter evenings is writing down book titles and the names of their authors. The drawback with me of this work is this: We have no public library near here, and I do not know of a paper that has a department named The Latest Books and Their Authors. I wonder if any of the M. G. R.'s could tell me the name of one.

I will close by signing my real name.—Henry Schrant, Deshler, O.

Dear Friends—I am a reader of The Blade, so I see the letters that it contains from different parts of the United States, but none from this section, so if you please I will tell you something of this part of the world.

We are in the southwest corner of Colorado, in Montezuma county, near the corners of Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico, which are the only four states in the Union that corner together. We are close to the Navajo and Ute Indians. The Navajos are self-supporting. They own herds of sheep, horses and cattle, and also goats. The squaws make blankets that are famous the world over. The Ute reservation joins the Navajo on the west. The Utes are supported by the government. The Utes and the Navajos are not friendly. The Utes helped Uncle Sam conquer the Navajos. There is in McElmo canyon, south of here, a towering rock, 500 feet high, called Battle Rock. It is where the Utes cut off the Navajo squaws from their braves. The squaws jumped off the rock to sure death to keep the Utes from getting them.

This country was once inhabited by the cliff dwellers, as their houses are scattered over all of this county, the largest ruins being 15 miles southeast of here, on the Mesa Verda mountains, now set aside by the government as a national park.

I could write a good many things of this part of the world, but I am afraid of taking too much of your time.—Charles Gau, Arriola, Montezuma county, Colorado.

Write some more. We should like to hear from you.—Editor.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Look on the world with kindly eyes
And it will look back kindly at you
when it learns how you are looking.

Olive Branch—"The Snowbird" winged its way to me. Thank you.

New England Girl—"Owing to its length, I had to cut out part of your letter. I hope I may be forgiven.

AN AUTO EXPERIENCE

Dear M. G. R.'s—Possibly you are not aware that this part of the Massachusetts country has gone automobile crazy. Well, it has. We managed to keep from contracting the disease until, one day in the past summer, we learned that a sister town was going to have a centennial celebration, with "all the fixin's"—including an airship. Our town boasts of two chauffeurs who make it their business to take auto parties, whenever and wherever they wish to go. So my husband engaged one of them to take us to the scene of the centennial festivities. As fate would have it, nearly all our townspeople engaged seats in one or the other of the autos, and so did several others living in adjoining towns, which were not provided with like public conveyances. Consequently some went the day before, while others arose with the birds in order to be ready when the autos came.

When I learned that we must be in readiness at 5 o'clock in the morning, my enthusiasm fell several degrees. I proposed to my better half that we remain at home. His reply was, "remember the airship."

This decided me. My, but how those autos worked! However, they succeeded in getting us all to the celebration in time. Everything appeared according to the schedule—that is, everything with the exception of the airship. Disappointed? Of course, we were; but, as we contributed only one-forty-thousandth part of the disappointment, I do not think many noticed our feelings.

Did I say everything but the airship? I almost forgot. There were two other things that failed to appear when they should. They were the autos! Four o'clock was our appointed time for starting, but when we arrived at the place previously agreed upon, there was no auto. Time passed and the crowd increased. Still, no auto. Then we noticed another crowd gathering on the opposite side of the street, and we recognized our fellow townspeople who had come in the other auto. This seemed to be missing, also. Five o'clock arrived, and with it more auto victims were added to both parties. Another hour passed, and some of our number began to get impatient, while others visited ice cream parlors and soda fountains.

When the clocks were striking the hour of seven, we went to the telephone office to make inquiry, but in vain. One source of amusement which beguiled the weary hours was watching the self-satisfied expressions on the faces of some of our friends, as they drove down the street between the two auto parties, homeward bound, behind their family horses.

At 7:30 we received the encouraging news that one of our autos was wrecked about a mile from home, after having left the last load of passengers at the celebration. The last that was seen of it, a yoke of oxen was towing it toward the factory for repairs. The other auto had come to grief on the first return trip in the afternoon. Its owner, our chauffeur, had abandoned it by the roadside, and was touring the country on foot, in search of horses with which to convey his passengers home. This was an especially delightful (?) piece of news, as the hotels of the town were full to overflowing, and so were the private residences.

Every conveyance the town afforded had been engaged weeks in advance, and even the best pedestrians among us were too tired to think of walking home, so we took possession of a M. E. church nearby, where we awaited the progress of events.

Several hours later, when a big gray team-horse landed us at our door, Dan, our "black beauty," threw back his head as if he were laughing and saying, "Perhaps you will appreciate my services better hereafter."

A few days later, as we were driving out of our yard to attend a grange picnic, in a town 12 miles away, one of the autos whizzed past us, filled with picnickers. Dan made his record good, and pulled us to the grounds, just as the auto rolled in on the other side. Knowing its passengers had not seen us, the spirit of mischief seized me, and I hastened through the crowd, appearing on the other side in time to greet the auto folk, as they joined the assembly. I wish you could have seen their faces!

I have already talked so long, there is not time to tell you about the 90 in the shade experience I am saving for your special enjoyment ever since it happened, but that will keep, and I fear your patience will not if I talk much longer. Good-bye.—New England Girl.

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A book every married couple and those about to be married should read. Tells you the little things you ought to know, which few people will tell you before you are married. You'll be spared all the endless trouble that arises. Tells you what to do and what to expect; what not to do, what not to expect. Courting, engagements, escorts, chaperons, mother-in-laws, privileges of steamers. Just to introduce, we will send a copy of this book and our paper for a year for 50 cents. EVERYDAY LIFE, DEPT. 253 CHICAGO.

WANT ONLY GIANT TURKEYS

Man Gives Employes Orders on Butcher and Bill Appalls Him.

Montclair, N. J., Jan. 1.—A. Gould Harrison, president of the Harrison Milling Co., opened his eyes wide yesterday when he received a bill from his butcher for nearly 1,000 pounds of turkey.

Mr. Harrison had planned to give each of his few employes a turkey for Christmas, but in the rush of business neglected to pick out the fowls. Every man was given an order on the butcher for a bird, with no weight specified. After looking at the bill a moment Mr. Harrison asked a driver what sized turkey he had for Christmas.

"Well, boss," was the reply, "I got a 12-pound turkey first, but when I got home and found the man next door had a 24-pound turkey, I took mine back and got a 30-pound bird. All the other boys got big ones, too."

CALLS COLLEGE SPORT JOKE

Instructor Can't Understand Why 2,000 Cheer While 22 Play.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 1.—"College athletics are one of the most ridiculous and ludicrous ingredients of modern education," Dr. John M. Tyler, professor of biology at Amherst college, told the Utah State Teachers' association here yesterday.

"Why 22 football players should engage in mortal combat with 2,000 other men on the side lines yelling themselves hoarse at the performance is a question I have never been able to solve."

EVEN SCIENTISTS GUESS AT RADIUM

However, There Are Many Diseases and Many Germs It Destroys.

Twelve years of eager experiment have passed since Prof. and Mme. Curie announced the discovery of radium. Almost at once reports of the curative powers of the new mineral were published. Has radium after 12 years' tests justified that early reputation?

The diseased states in which radium has been tried, says the London Daily Mail, range from the most malignant internal cancers to baldness. Such widely diverse ailments as facial paralysis, neuralgia, rheumatism, hydrophobia, indigestion and skin diseases have been reported as cured by the wonderful new mineral.

A few years ago reports of a cure of hydrophobia in rabbits presented to the Scientific Academy of Bologna, by a well known Italian professor, evoked such enthusiasm that it was freely conjectured that the Pasteur treatment of hydrophobia would soon be pushed into the background by the new radium treatment.

Deadly to Typhoid Germs.

Seven years ago two distinguished professors of Konigsberg university published some startling results of the deadly effect the radium rays exert on disease bacteria of all kinds. Having first sprinkled live typhoid bacilli on a gelatine plate they exposed the plate in a dark room to weak radium emanations for 48 hours. At the end of this time it was found that the bacilli were either killed or their growth was completely stopped.

Similar good results were obtained with the germs of cholera and anthrax. These experiments, emphasizing the pronounced germicidal effect of radium, were looked upon as opening up a new field of treatment for infectious diseases of the skin.

May Even Reach the Blind.

In 1903 a distinguished St. Petersburg savant announced in various medical journals his discovery that certain of the blind were able to distinguish objects illumined by radium rays.

The professor expressed the strong hope that by further experimentation with the wonderful element he would be able to restore the sight to sufferers from certain varieties of blindness.

Of all these therapeutic uses claimed for radium, how many have stood the test of time?

Sir Frederick Treves in a lecture at the London hospital last year summed up the situation in a way which should give food for thought to the general public, who are too apt to be led away in pursuit.

"It has appeared to me," he told the great concourse of medical men present, "that there is possibly a great future for radium in the domain of surgical therapeutics. I say 'possibly' because one must exercise the very greatest caution when speaking of the potentialities of new remedies. One is tempted to look too favorably upon them. They are things of great expectations and sooner or later must be associated with disappointment."

Many Things It Hasn't Touched.

To return to the innumerable curative uses of radium which were to revolutionize both medicine and surgery, few have come up to their earlier expectations. Rheumatism and neuralgia are still most intractable ailments, facial paralysis still defies the physicians' efforts, the Pasteur institute has not outgrown its usefulness, while ordinary germicides are still in common use nothwithstanding the deadly effects which radium emanations are known to have on bacteria.

The hope which was held out to the blind by the Russian experimenter was withdrawn with cruel suddenness when the German eye specialist who investigated the "cures" reported that blind persons cannot at present expect the very slightest help from radium.

The thousands of sufferers from true cancer both in Europe and America who have let the time when an operation might have been successful drift by, while undergoing "radium cures," compose one of the saddest chapters in the history of this wonderful element.

Cannot Cure Cancer.

Radium, as at present used, cannot-cure cancer.

It is a relief to turn from such failures to the study of those morbid conditions in which radium has a fully proven practical curative value. Notably its greatest successes have been in the treatment of benign superficial skin lesions. Disfiguring birthmarks composed chiefly of thin walled blood vessels, old scars which have taken on an abnormal growth, certain forms of lupus (a very chronic and persistent form of tubercle of the skin) and certain types of eczema have been healed by radium in a shorter time and with less inconvenience and disfigurement than would have been possible by any other known means.

Won't Go to the Scrap Heap.

It has been claimed on good authority that cancerous growths not too deeply situated, though too far advanced to admit of operation, have been reduced by radium treatments to an operable state, where the knife could be used with some hope of success. In other instances a diminution of pain and reduction of many of the most distressing symptoms of advanced malignant diseases have resulted from radium applications.

Even after 12 years no one can speak with authority of the final limitations of radium as a curative agent.

We know that it is not a cureall, that it will ever turn out to be the long-sought cure for cancer the men who have most conscientiously studied its properties most strongly doubt.

The undeniable cures which have been wrought with radium in superficial skin lesions will at any rate prevent it from being scrapped on the dust heap of the totally worthless "cures" which from time to time have held the momentary attention of the medical profession only to be discarded in the end.

Radium is still an unsolved problem.

URGES PAY TO MOTHERS

A Cornell Professor Predicts a Childless Nation in 2015.

St. Louis, Dec. 31.—The recognition of parentage as a social service, which should be paid for at public expense, preferably by the pensioning of mothers during the time that the children are under their care, was advocated by Professor George E. Howard, of the University of Nebraska, before the American Sociological Society today.

"Parents who do their duty," declared Professor Howard, "are as much entitled to payment as soldiers, judges or any other public servants.

"The income should be given as soon as a woman becomes a prospective mother, and this income should be increased, with allowance for the support of the child as soon as it is born."

This plan came after an address by Professor Walter F. Wilcox, of Cornell, in which he said there will be no children in the United States under five years of age in the year 2020. Babies, accordingly, will have disappeared from this country as early as 2015.

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I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you.

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SUFFERS IN BLIZZARD

West and Southwest Hard Hit by Storm.

Chicago, Jan. 3.—A blizzard from the Rocky mountain region covered the entire west and southwest yesterday, and is spreading rapidly eastward.

Early in the day the theromometer registered 10 degrees above zero in this city and owing to the holiday the streets were soon deserted.

The suffering among the poor, particularly in the district where the striking garment workers live, was intense. Milk is supplied for infants, there having been 600 births in garment workers' families since the strike began.

Many Low Temperatures.

West, north and south of Chicago reports were received of trains delayed by the storm, telegraph lines broken and extreme temperatures. At Havre, Mont., the mercury registered 33 degrees below zero; at Helena, 19 below; Denver, 14 below; North Platte, Neb., 16 below; Omaha, 10 to 12 below. Passing down the east slope of the Rocky mountains the storm swept easterly to Kansas and then in a northeast direction to Lake Superior, attended by snow, which drifted badly. There was a heavy snowfall in the mountains of Colorado.

TOLSTOI ESTATE A MEMORIAL

To Make Attempt to Interest Millionaires in Scheme.

New York, Jan. 1.—Announcement of the plan to convert the estate of the late Lee Tolstoi into an international memorial was made today by Alexandrovitch Koustinsky, who was a passenger on the liner Campania from Europe.

Koustinsky has been delegated by the Tolstoi family to visit America for the purpose of interesting millionaires here in the project. He said he will endeavor to see John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie and others.

At first the Tolstoi family had intended to appeal to the Russian duma, but because of the antagonism to the famous author in high Russian circles that course was abandoned.

FELLS GUS RUHLIN WITH CLUB

Unknown Assailant Badly Hurts Ex-Pugilist.

New York, Jan. 3.—Gus Ruhlin, the former heavyweight pugilist known as the "Akron giant," was seriously injured today when an unknown man felled him with a club as he was standing in the doorway of his place of business in Brooklyn. Ruhlin is suffering from concussion of the brain. He cannot explain the attack, nor does he know his assailant.

WILL SHE COME BACK?

Christian Science Followers in New York Talk of Resurrection for Leader.

New York, Dec. 29.—Asserting their belief that Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy will soon arise from the dead, a number of Christian Scientists in this city have sent a sharp protest to Boston against maintenance of an armed guard in Mrs. Eddy's tomb. They declare the guard is kept in the tomb in Mt. Auburn cemetery, Cambridge, by orders of the directors of the "Mother church in Boston to prevent a possible resurrection, and that this is tantamount to a denial of the Christian Science faith."

The protest sets forth that the action of the directors is comparable to that of the authorities of Jerusalem, who set a guard at the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, wherein Jesus Christ was laid after His crucifixion. Soldiers were set on guard at the tomb of Christ because His disciples had said that He would rise from the dead and it was intended to disprove this assertion.

The protestive followers of Mrs. Eddy believe that she, also, will manifest herself in a bodily resurrection.

Since the hour Mrs. Eddy's body was laid in the receiving vault in Mt. Auburn cemetery, the guard, consisting of members of the Christian Science faith acceptable to the five directors, has been constantly on watch. A telephone has been at their service. Provisions for their comfort have been provided.

Those of the First church here, who are designated as "abnormal" followers of Christian Science by Eugene Cox, the chairman of the publication committee of Christian Science New York, who united in the protest to the directors of the "mother church," believe "Mrs. Eddy was one with Jesus Christ in the unity of God," and that to prove the truth of her doctrine the unreality of death she will rise in all the tangible manifestations of the flesh.

Eugene Cox is Shocked.

When report of this action was carried to Mr. Cox, of the publication committee, he seemed to be considerably exercised.

"The conception of true Christian Science does not recognize a resurrection of the body in this age," he said. "Any person who believes that Mrs. Eddy will demonstrate herself in the flesh is more than a visionary; he is abnormal. There is no parallel to be drawn between Mrs. Eddy and Jesus Christ. In her own writings Mrs. Eddy has expressed herself as inexpressibly shocked at the suggestion of such a comparison. Christian Science does not teach nor in any way prepare its students to expect such a manifestation on the part of its discoverer. In no part of her writings has Mrs. Eddy even hinted at the possibility of such a phenomenon."

STILL ON DEATH HUNT

Charged With Theft, Banker Robin Takes Drug.

New York, Dec. 31.—Joseph G. Robin, charged with stealing more than $1,000,000 of the money belonging to depositors in the Northern bank of New York and the Washington Savings bank, tried to cheat justice yesterday in a most sensational manner. This is said to have been his third attempt at suicide since the authorities have been endeavoring to place him behind the bars.

With head erect, shoulders squared, and eyes level at the battery of cameras trained on him, the indicted banker stepped from his sister's home yesterday morning to face arraignment, calm in the knowledge that he had swallowed a dose of hyoscin, the subtle and deadly alkaloid with which Dr. Crippen killed his wife, Belle Elmore. He collapsed before he could be taken into court with the exclamation:

"I'm a Dead Man."

"I'm a dead man; I've taken poison tablets!"

The case was postroned in the greatest excitement, a stomach pump was hurriedly brought into play and the sick man was carried first to the prison hospital adjacent and later to Bellevue, where he lies in the prison ward. No charge of attempted suicide is entered against him, and it is thought he will recover, although the action of hyoscin is slow and much will depend on his vitality.

Not unlike the case of Whittaker Wright, the world famous English promoter and bank swindler who killed himself in a London court room as sentence was being pronounced for a similar crime, the climax came in the detective bureau in the criminal courts building where Robin was being asked for his pedigree as a preliminary to arraignment.

JAIL FOR TUB TRUSTERS

Assistant Attorney General Is Not for Fines.

Washington, Dec. 31.—Attorneys for some of the individuals indicted as members of the so-called "bathtub trust" for alleged violation of the anti-trust act, came to the department of justice yesterday in the interest of their clients, who, in the event of their conviction and of the court's acceptance of the declared policy of Attorney General Wickersham "to stand for no more fines," are threatened with jail sentences.

The trio of lawyers was headed by Rush Taggart, of New York, and included also William L. Carpenter and Leo Butzel, of Detroit. After an hour's conference with W. S. Kenyon, Mr. Wickersham's assistant and "special trust buster," to whom the attorney general has delegated the whole matter with power to act, the lawyers went away.

They refused to say a word as to the purpose or result of the conference, but it was authoritatively stated at the department that they had been given no reason to believe that the attorney general would consent to the acceptance of a plea of guilty and the imposition of fines rather than imprisonment. They were given to understand, it was said, that jail sentences will be insisted upon, and were informed that their clients will be expected in the United States circuit court at Detroit on January 4, to give bail in the sum of $4,000 each.

INVESTIGATE ROOSEVELT HUNT

Illinois Representative Would Inquire Into His Expenses.

Washington, Dec. 31.—"The African hunting trip as organized and carried out by the Smithsonian institution via Roosevelt" is the subject of the latest proposed congressional investigation.

The suggestion was received here today by Representatives Rainey of Illinois from a citizen of a Georgia town, who referred to such an inquiry as a "public service" and to the Smithsonian as a "trash-heap institution."

Mr. Rainey is the Democrat who recently introduced a resolution to inquire into the manner in which Mr. Roosevelt obtained his transportation and supplies on his trips about the country while he was president. The Georgian whose letter came today declares that an extension of such an inquiry to include the way in which the African hunting expedition expense was borne by the Smithsonian institution would show "waste, extravagance and squandering of public money."

AT 60 SUES FOR WIFE'S LOVE

Pittsburger Wants Damages From Friend of 60.

Pittsburg, Dec. 31.—Pittsburg's class of quiet rich received a distinct shock yesterday when George R. Kress, aged 60 years, filed suit asking for $30,000 damages from John A. O'Hara, also aged 60 years, charging the latter with having alienated the affections of Mrs. Kress, who is under 40 years of age and looks 25.

Both parties are wealthy, Kress being the head of the manufacturing firm of George R. Kress & Co., while O'Hara is the head of a great contracting firm, his grown son being his business partner. In addition Kress and O'Hara have been friends from childhood.

TO BE A NEW MONTE CARLO

$160,000 Casino Will Be Built on Lake Geneva.

Geneva, Dec. 31.—The proprietors of the present Casino at Evian-les-Bains, on the shores of Lake Geneva, and the authorities of the town have come to a new agreement by the terms of which a splendid new Casino, costing $160,000, is to be constructed immediately on the site of the old one and the municipality is to receive a minimum income of $5,000 a year from the proceeds of the gambling.

It provides also that when the receipts from the tables shall have attained the sum of $140,000 per annum during three consecutive years, the company must erect another new Casino on the lake at a cost of not less than $400,000.

WHEAT FOR "MUSKEG" LAND

Ottawa, Dec. 31.—Hon. William Ogilvie, former governor of the Yukon territory, arrived here yesterday with an elaborate plan to reclaim 3,000,000 acres of "muskeg" lands in the Saskatchewan river territory, through which the new Hudson Bay railway will be constructed.

He will present the plan to the department of the interior and it will be taken up by the Laurier cabinet soon after the reassembling of parliament.

These lands are now useless and unproductive, but if drained, it is said, they would produce easily from 30 to 40 bushels of wheat to the acre, and their settlement and cultivation would be of great assistance to the Hudson Bay railway, which will be purely a grain-carrying road.

WASTED TO SKELETON

"My little son, when about a year and a half old, began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician. Still he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad that I had to tie his hands in cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk.

"My aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I sent to a drug store and got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of the Ointment and followed directions. At the end of two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since. I can sincerely say that only for Cuticura my child would have died. I used only one cake of Cuticura Soap and about three boxes of Ointment. Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, R. F. D. 1, Litchfield, Conn., Oct. 23, 1909."

TAFT FAVORS FOR OHIO

Will Give More Recognition to Native State.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 3.—Indications point to more recognition of the claims of his native state by President Taft during the remainder of his term. The recent appointment of Carmi Thompson, as assistant secretary of the interior, is to be shortly followed, according to reports, by the appointment of an Ohio man to the cabinet. The course of President Taft in selecting members of his cabinet has been unfavorably contrasted with that of preceding Presidents who nearly always had one or two immediate advisers from their own state.

At present the only Ohio candidate is Renick W. Dunlap, who has been state dairy and food commissioner, for the past four years, and whose friends are urging the President to make him secretary of agriculture, to succeed James M. Wilson.

Among Mr. Dunlap's supporters was said to be Senator Burton, Arthur W. Vorys, C. P. Taft and others equally prominent. It is pointed out that Mr. Dunlap has evidenced considerable political strength in Ohio. When Governor Harmon was first elected in 1908 Mr. Dunlap was also elected by a large majority. In the late election where Governor Harmon defeated the Republican candidate by a 100,000, Dunlap ran far ahead of the ticket and missed election by a matter of only 8,000 votes.

LESS OIL IS GOING ABROAD

Standard Encounters Keen Competition in Europe.

Philadelphia, Dec. 31.—With the departure today of the British steamship Cheyenne for Algiers and Savona with 2,000,000 gallons of oil and the Dutch steamship La Campine for Antwerp with 1,200,000 gallons, the total exports of petroleum from this port of the calendar year reached approximately 310,000,000 gallons or a daily average export of 865,753 gallons.

Compared with export shipments in 1909 this year shows a decrease of more than 56,000,000 gallons. Various causes were assigned for the falling off, chief of which was the keen competition encountered by the Standard Oil Co. from European competitors.

TURNS TO STONE AND DIES

Victim of Peculiar Disease Was Helpless for Months.

Philadelphia, Jan. 3.—His body virtually turned into stone, William W. Fearheller, at one time a newspaper man in this city, died in the Crozier hospital, Chester, Sunday. For months he had been unable to move. "Schloroderma," the technical name given the unusual disease, really is ossification. From head to foot his body was almost as hard as rock. Only on his head was the flesh of normal softness, yet he could eat and smoke.

FAVOR COMMISSION

Old Guard Leaders Agree on Establishment of Permanent Commission.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 29.—The leaders of the old guard in the house of representatives as well as in the senate have surrendered to President Taft's demand for the creation of a permanent tariff commission at this session of congress. They have given a formal promise that the senate finance committee and the house committee on ways and means will report bills without delay.

The permanent commission and the steps to be taken to obtain the early passage of the legislation were the subject of discussion at a dinner at the White House last evening at which the President had as his guests a number of the Republican leaders in congress.

Longworth Back of Bill.

Representative Longworth will introduce a bill as soon as congress reassembles embodying the ideas of the President and some of the features of the tariff commission bills drawn by Representatives Good, of Iowa, and Lenroot, of Wisconsin, which are pending in the ways and means committee.

Congressman Sereno Payne, of New York, chairman of the ways and means committee, is a convert, though a reluctant one, to the kind of tariff commission favored by the President and he has promised to have his committee work for the passage of such a bill.

Mr. Payne was at the White House earlier in the day and discussed with the President at length the details of the prospective legislation. It was the second call occasioned by this matter which the congressman had made upon the President within a week. At first he was opposed to the creation of a permanent commission, as he was opposed to the present tariff board, but he found that the President was dead set on getting this concession out of congress, and moreover that the leaders of the old guard were flocking into the band wagon. So Mr. Payne surrendered and promised to deliver all, or almost all, of what Mr. Taft is fighting for.

Aldrich Is for It.

In the senate, Chairman Aldrich, of the finance committee, has promised an early and favorable report of a permanent tariff commission bill. He made his promise in response to an interpellation by Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, author of the first tariff commission bill introduced in congress. It is the Beveridge bill which is buried in the finance committee and which will be made the basis of the measure the committee will report.

There is a good deal of difference of opinion upon the details of the permanent commission scheme, but the President is more concerned with the broad general lines upon which the foundation institution is to be built. There is a general conviction among the Republican leaders in congress that the commission should be composed of five instead of three members, as is the case with the present tariff board. This is satisfactory to the President.

FOREIGN TRADE SETS NEW MARK

Grand Total of Export and Import Business Rises Above 3 Billions.

Washington, Dec. 30.—The foreign commerce of the United States for 1910, including both exports and imports, promises to set a new record in the history of the nation.

The 11 months ending with November, for which the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor has secured complete figures, have brought the grand total of exports and imports to the enormous sum of $3,063,384,954.

Only the banner year of 1907 compares with this figure. The total commerce for the first 11 months of that year was $3,047,234,045. The trade figures for November, the closing month of this year, are expected to swell the total of the nation's foreign commerce to nearly $3,400,000,000.

Exports Fall Down.

The breaking of commercial records will not apply to exports. The imports will reach the highest figure for any year in the history of the United States; but the sum of the exports will probably fall $75,000,000 short of that of 1907. Notwithstanding this decline and the increase in the imports of the country, the balance will still be close to $300,000,000 in favor of the export side of the account.

The full year's figures for exports are expected to be $1,840,000,000, and the imports $1,550,000,000. This is an increase of 90 per cent in imports over the year 1900 and an increase in exports of 25 per cent over that year. The importation of crude materials and materials for further manufacture, more than doubled in that time.

On the export side the value of the outgoing foodstuffs for 1910 is but $340,000,000 compared with exports of $540,000,000 of such products in 1900. This is a decline of more than 35 per cent. The export of manufactured articles, on the other hand, shows a gain of 65 per cent in the 10 years.

WILL HOLD TRADE MEET

20 Republics to Join in Six-Day Conference.

Washington, Jan. 3.—A Pan-American commercial conference, more practical and comprehensive than any trade gathering ever assembled in the national capital, will be held during the week of February 13-18, 1911, under the auspices of the Pan-American Union, formerly known as the Bureau of American Republics, in the auditorium of the new building of the union in this city.

Its purpose and plan, as announced by Director General John Barrett, will be that of awakening the commercial organizations, representative business men and the general public of both North and South America to an appreciation of the possibilities of Pan-American commerce and the necessity of preparing for the opening of the Panama canal.

Through the co-operation of the department of state, diplomatic and consular officials of the United States accredited to Latin America, either home on leave or detailed for this purpose, will deliver addresses describing trade conditions and opportunities based upon their official investigations and observations.

The diplomatic and consular officials of the twenty Latin American nations accredited to the United States will, on the other hand, be invited to discuss the subject from the standpoint of their countries, particularly with reference to the exchange of commerce and the relation of the markets for their products in the United States.

Talks on Many Subjects.

The practical side of the meeting is further shown in the fact that the best export and import trade experts, both official and private, aside from diplomatic and consular officers, will give talks on those particular subjets which manufacturers, exporters and importers not yet familiar with the field wish to hear discussed, such as "Credits," "Trade Marks," "Tariff Regulations," "Packing Facilities," "Packaging," "Advertising," "Catalogues," "Freight Rates," "Steamship Routes," "Laws Governing Salesmen and Samples," etc.

It will have a novel feature in that it will consider the exchange of trade —imports as well as exports—and the opportunities not only of the United States to extend the sale of its products in Latin America, but of Latin America to sell its products to the United States. Heretofore all discussions and meetings have considered only the export field, with a corresponding unfortunate effect on public opinion in Latin America.

Another special feature will be careful consideration from the standpoint of business interests of all the American countries, of the Panama canal and of how best it can be used.

CIVIL WAR MAN NOW EARL

Old Colonel More Pleased at $400,000 He Gets Than at Title.

Worcester, Mass., Jan. 3.—Colonel Lorenzo A. Dodge, a man of decidedly limited means, has inherited an estate in Scotland valued at $400,000, and with it comes to him the title of earl of Caithness. The estate, which contains 5,000 acres is located at Perridale, and has been in the family since 1455. Colonel Dodge is much elated at the prospects of a fortune, but the earlship does not appear to him and he does not intend to return to Scotland to take the title.

Colonel Dodge's right to the estate comes by the death of his cousin, James Sutherland Sinclair, who was a farmer at Grand Forks, N. D. Sinclair inherited the estate by the death of relatives. He died four years ago after enjoying the good fortune only 11 months, and the estate reverts to Colonel Dodge, who is 63 years old. He was born at sea and has been a bookblack, printer, soldier, war correspondent and journalist. He was a lieutenant colonel during the war, in a Vermont regiment.

JOINS WIFE AFTER NINE YEARS

Husband Brings Fortune Home From Struggles in Far North.

Seattle, Jan. 3.—After a separation of nine years, during which time he has been braving the dangers of the Canadian northwest, prospecting for gold and locating timber claims, John Davis greeted his wife for the first time in the lobby of Hotel Butler Saturday.

With only a few hundred dollars and the grit and nerve that carried him through the campaign in front of Santiago, Cuba, during the Spenish-American war as a member of the First regiment of volunteers of the District of Columbia, he overcame the many difficulties encountered in the far north and returned with a snug little fortune.

Before going north Davis sent his wife to her parents in Cleveland, O., and last week she came to Seattle to meet him. The meeting was an affecting one, and caused considerable comment in the hotel lobby.

Fit Medicine Free! 10 Day Offer

For ten days we will send absolutely free a two weeks' supply of medicine for EPILEPSY, ST. VITAS DANCE and NERVOUS DISORDERS. Write today or you may be too late. Kiro Remedy Co. 267 Detroit St., Flint, Mich.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Jan. 3.—One of the strongest opening markets on the local floor in months developed today as the result of a sharp advance at Liverpool and the cold wave in the United States in winter growing districts unprotected by snow. Shorts were contronted by light offerings early in the session. Among the factors tending to firm up cables were light world's shipments, a decrease in the amount on passage, firmness of La Plata offerings and a heavy decrease in the European visible supply. Toledo cash opened ¾c higher at 97c, May ½c advanced at $1.00¾ and July ⅝c up at 96c. In the first half hour cash gained ⅝c, May ½c and July ⅜c.

Influences tending to firm up the market early in the day kept prices steady throughout the session. Winnepeg showed a pronounced advance. Toledo cash closed 1⅜c up at 96⅛c, May 1⅜c higher at $1.01⅝, and July 1⅞c advanced at 97⅛c.

Sympathy with wheat and light offerings invested corn with more than usual vigor. Despite some selling, the early market maintained a firm undertone. Toledo May opened ⅜c higher at 50⅜c and July ½c advanced at 51⅝c.

Late arrives from Argentina were more encouraging to selling interests than earlier cables, rain being reported. Closes were: Cash 48c, July 50¾c, Sept. 51¾c.

Oats shared in the firmness of the other cereals. May started ⅛c up at 37¼c and July ⅛c higher at 36½c. A gain of ⅛c was made early.

Final oats prices: Cash 34c, May 37¼c, July 36½c.

Save for an advance of 5c in the remote month, clover seed openings were the same as the previous closing prices. Cash, Jan., Feb. and March opened at $9.22½, April at $8.90 and Oct. at $7.75.

Scattered realizing and some fresh buying were features of trading in seed. Receipts were 67 bags against 100 a year ago. Shipments were 495 against 110 a year ago. Cash, Jan., Feb. and March closed at $9.20, April at $8.90 and Oct. at $7.77½.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Dec.31. Close	Jan.3. Close
May	1.00¾	....	....	1.01⅛	1.00¼
July	96	....	....	97⅛	95¾
Corn—					
May	50⅜	50⅝	....	50⅜	50⅜
July	51⅜	....	....	51⅜	51⅝
Oats—					
May	37¼	37⅝	....	37¼	37
July	36½	36⅝	....	36½	36⅜
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.22½	....	....	9.20	9.22½
Jan.	9.22½	....	....	9.20	9.22½
Feb.	9.22½	....	....	9.20	9.22½
March	9.22½	....	....	9.20	9.22½
April	8.90	....	....	8.90	8.90
Oct.	7.75	....	....	7.77½	7.70
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	83	83
No. 3	....	....	....	80	80
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	4.65	4.65
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.25	9.25
March	....	....	....	9.30	....

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	97⅝	98⅜	....	98⅛	96⅞
July	94⅝	....	94⅛	95¼	93½
Jan.	....	....	....	94⅛	....
Sept.	93⅜	....	....	93¼	....
Corn—					
May	48¾	49⅜	....	49	48⅝
July	50	50¼	49⅝	49¼	49⅝
Sept.	50½	50½	....	50⅜	50
Oats—					
May	34¼	34⅝	34¼	34¾	34
July	34	34⅝	....	34½	33⅞
Sept.	....	....	....	33¾	33

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.03¼	....	....	1.04½	1.02¾

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	98⅝	....	....	99⅝	97⅛
July	93⅝	....	....	94⅛	95

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.07¼	1.05

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	1.07½	....	....	1.08½	1.06⅝
July	....	....	....	1.09½	....

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	97¼	95½
July	....	....	....	98¾	....

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan.	19.75	....	19.50	19.52	19.65
May	19.00	....	18.72	18.75	18.82
Lard—					
Jan.	10.52	10.55	10.40	10.42	10.45
May	10.32	10.35	10.15	10.17	10.20
Ribs—					
Jan.	....	10.42	10.45	....	10.35	10.32
May	....	9.92	....	9.77	9.80	9.82

Money and Stocks.

New York, Jan. 3.—(Wall Street)—On a moderate volume of operations the stock market opened with a mixture of gains and losses more or less evenly divided. The strongest issues were Canadian Pacific, General Electric, Western Maryland, American Telephone, Reading and Union Pacific, in which gains of ¼ to ¾ were made. United States Steel opened with a block of 4,000 shares at a slight fractional decline from which it soon made recovery. Some heaviness was shown by the metal stocks and United States Steel prefer

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Atlas Roofing is made from long fibre wool felt, saturated with asphalt and coated on both sides with a patented composition which gives it a tough, smooth, rubber-like coating and makes it water-proof, storm-proof, weather-proof and practically fire proof. It is so good that retail dealers can easily get nearly double the money we ask for it. Can be used to cover any roof, old or new, may be laid right over old roofing and make the roof good as new. No special tools or skill are required to lay it. Each roll measures 108 sq. ft. so that it will surely cover 100 sq. ft. of roof allowing for laps and cutting. Cement for the laps and enough large headed GALVANIZED nails to lay it are packed in each roll.

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Atlas Roofing, ready to lay, is delivered to your nearest freight station, all charges prepaid, at the following prices, the lowest ever asked for such high grade, dependable Roofing. You have to pay nothing to the railroad, simply sign the agent's receipt and take your roofing away. Send us the price given for the state in which you live and specify which weight you want. We send samples, with full instructions for testing any roofing. Prices for Atlas Roofing, freight prepaid to

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Standard Atlas	Weight, Per Roll, 54 lbs.	$1.27	$1.45	$1.61
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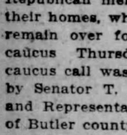

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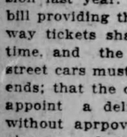

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KILLS ALL VETOED BILLS

Ohio Assembly Adjourns at Noon Until Monday.

Columbus, Jan. 3.—Both branches of the legislature adjourned at noon until 11 o'clock Monday morning. The Republican members left at once for their homes, while the Democrats will remain over for the joint senatorial caucus Thursday afternoon. The caucus call was issued officially today by Senator T. A. Dean, of Fremont, and Representative R. M. Billingslea, of Butler county.

The house indefinitely postponed action on four bills vetoed by the governor after adjournment of the session last year. They were the Reed bill providing that the validity of railway tickets shall be unlimited as to time, and the bills providing that street cars must be vestibuled on both ends; that the county treasurer might appoint a delinquent tax collector without arrpoval of county commissioners, and for the appointment of an additional common pleas judge in Tuscarawas county.

The house adopted a resolution extending sympathy to the family of Clifford J. King, representative-elect from Ashtabula county, who died Christmas day.

By indefinite postponement the senate killed all the senate bills vetoed by the governor after adjournment of the last session. Among them were the Keller bill to make Lucas county a separate judicial subdivision; the Deaton bill to take from county infirmary directors the authority to extend outside relief except in emergency cases, and the Dean bill to create a state board to examine and license optometrists. Senator Dean will reintroduce a new bill, eliminating the features objectionable to the governor.

BLAMES GIRLS' FALL TO WAGE

Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady Urges $8 Per Week as Minimum.

Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 3.—Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, rector of St. George's Episcopal church, delivered a startling sermon Sunday night on "The Fall of the Working Girl." He asserted that she sold her soul under protest and not until she was reduced through low wages to absolute want. He suggested a state law that no woman shall receive less than $8 a week.

KILLS GUEST FOR THIEF

Dublin, Ga., Jan. 3.—Mistaking his guest, John Wyatt, for a burglar, ex-Sheriff H. E. Hicks last night shot and killed him as he was moving about the room. Hicks did not learn of his mistake until he sought to awaken Wyatt to tell him of the shooting. The victim lived on an adjoining plantation.

EACH DAY SETS MARK

Crowds Coming to Confess in West Union Grow Larger Every Day.

West Union, O., Jan. 5.—Today was one of Judge Blair's busiest days since he initiated the cleansing of the suffrage in Adams county. It promised to eclipse Monday, when after an all day session, 50 men who had asked to be sentenced, could not then be accommodated because of lack of time. Most of the men sentenced yesterday were from other parts of the county and the hotels and boarding houses of West Union did a great business.

Many who had not left their farms in years find it necessary to make a pilgrimage to the county seat in answer to a subpoena.

The high-water mark in indictments was reached here yesterday. Exactly 183 indictments were returned, 171 being the largest previous number. The total is now 1,431.

The court house all day was packed almost to suffocation and deputies were kept busy clearing the aisles. Instead of arraigning the indicted voters singly, Judge A. Z. Blair had them brought before him a dozen at a time. Though he did not reach West Union until 9 o'clock yesterday morning, he had sentenced a hundred voters by noon, and the grind continued steadily throughout the afternoon. At 5:30 o'clock 300 had been sentenced, and still no letup was in sight.

Hundred Held From One Town.

The summary punishment meted out to the five Manchester men Saturday for contempt of court and the official warnings to come in, issued through the Adams county newspapers to those withholding information from the jury, were responsible for the stampede. An even hundred Manchester citizens alone were indicted.

A noticeable feature was the unusual number of business men who for the first time appeared, before the grand jury to give testimony. All of the newly-elected county officials, both Democrats and Republicans, testified to their knowledge of vote-buying and selling. Those arraigned were of all classes and standings, ranging from octogenarians down to first voters in the point of age.

Judge's Cousin Sentenced.

One old farmer stood by the side of his grandson. Each received the customary penalty, $5 and costs, six months and disfranchisement, the jail sentence suspended. Among those sentenced was a favorite cousin of the judge. The latter took the opportunity to explain what a painful duty it was for him. The young man is the son of a prominent farmer in the northern part of the county. The judge and his father were boyhood playmates and have remained fast friends since.

The newly-elected officers, Prosecuting Attorney F. A. Shively and Sheriff J. D. Williams, yesterday assumed charge of the investigation, but have retained their predecessors to assist them until the work is ended.

Court officials were so overwhelmed with work that not until last evening was it possible to learn of the findings of the grad jury. Exactly 183 indictments were returned yesterday. The highest number previously returned in a day is 171. The grand total of indictments to date is 1,431.

MILLION DOLLAR FIRE LOSS

Entire Business Block in Little Rock Is Destroyed.

Little Rock, Ark., Jan. 3.—Fire originating in the Hollenberg Musical Co.'s building destroyed an entire block of business houses here this morning, the loss on the buildings and stocks of the goods amounting to $1,000,000.

Business houses destroyed are the Hollenberg Musical Co., Jones Housefurnishing Co., Jackson-Hanley Furniture Co.; E. D. Bracey Hardware Co., Askine & Marine, clothiers, Lloyd Arms Co., J. H. Martin Arms Co. and the Arkansas Water Co.

The burned buildings were owned by Gov. Donaghey, the Fulk estate and the Elizabeth Shall estate.

FAT GIRL ON A LONG WALK

Newark, N. J., Jan. 3.—Although weighing 170 pounds, Miss Dora Harrison, of Ridgewood, N. J., started out today to walk to Tampa, Fla., 1,375 miles. It is partly the result of a dare "because she is fat" and partly because she wants to get rid of some of her superfluous avoirdupois that she has undertaken the feat.

At 10:15 a. m. Miss Harrison left her home in Ridgewood, amid the cheers of some friends and well-wishers. She made the first stop at a cafe, where she sold some postal cards, the method by which she expects to earn money while en route. She reached here at 5 o'clock Monday afternoon, having covered 27 miles.

After her arrival she said: "I feel fine. The walk did not tire me in the least."

REDS DIE IN FLAMES

Six Anarchists Thought to Have Been Killed in London Battle.

London, Jan. 3.—Battling to the grim end against desperate odds, "Peter the Painter," and "Dutch Fritz," reputed anarchists, went to their death today shouting defiance to the laws of England.

It is believed that four companions perished with them in the flames that consumed their den in Sidney street, not far from the heart of London. This afternoon only the charred bodies of the two desperadoes wanted for the assassination of three policemen two weeks ago had been recovered.

Last Stand on Roof.

When their house had been riddled with bullets from the guns of the police and soldiers and set on fire the trapped men clambered to the roof and there made their last stand, firing at the crowds below and jeering their assailants until the upper supports of the building gave way and the outlaws were swallowed up in the seething flames.

Such a battle between officers of the law and criminals seldom has been waged. Discovered in their hiding place, the handful of terrorists stood off the two half companies of Scots guards from the Tower of London, several detachments of armed police, a battery of horse artillery with three machine guns and a gatling gun, and a fire brigade, until their home was fired.

The authorities sought to get the men alive. It took them seven hours to get hold of their incinerated bodies.

Open Fire on House.

The gang ocupied a four story brick house in Sidney street, a narrow thoroughfare. The police, discovering their headquarters, surrounded the place and were met with a volley of shots from within.

Two detectives fell at the first fire, one seriously hurt.

One hundred shots had been fired when the house caught fire and the fire brigade was summoned.

It was impossible to estimate the number of the besieged, as they were armed with magazine rifles, Mausers and Brownings, and fired with great rapidity. An attempt to rush the premises probably would have resulted in numerous casualties.

Crowds Driven Back.

As the situation became more serious the thousands of on-lookers were driven back and a space was cleared for a radius of half a mile about the scene of action. The soldiers kept up a fusillade directed at the windows of the house, and the men within responded continuously. Meantime loads of straw were hurried to the place for the purpose of starting a fire and smoking out the besieged men.

Piles of straw were lighted near the building and the flames soon communicated to the house. The fire brigade was then summoned and reached the sceen at 1 o'clock this afternoon. The fire fighters divided their energies between putting out the blaze and in trying to flood out the outlaws by streams of water thrown through the windows.

Home Secretary Winston Churchill appeared early in the afternoon and surveyed the scene, crossing the firing zone at some risk.

A corps of nurses was brought to the vicinity, and they treated the wounded, among whom were a few spectators who had been struck by spent bullets.

Shoot at Anyone.

In the face of terrific odds the trapped men continued a desperate resistence and every few minutes appeared at the windows and emptied their guns at any one in sight.

As the afternoon progressed the battle waged more fiercely. Another company of Scots Guards was ordered out and took up a position in front of the house at 1:30 o'clock. At that hour so furious was the battle and so determined the resistance of the criminals that machine guns were called for. These men hurried to Sidney street under orders to bombard the East End fortress should other measures to dislodge the defenders fail.

The flames, unquenched, swept up through the building, driving the occupants to the top story anud bursting out of the windows. Hard pressed, the terrorists kept up the grim fight.

At 2 o'clock the whole building was in flames and the desperadoes had been driven from within to the roof, from where they fired indiscriminately upon the police and the soldiers below.

Soon after 2 o'clock the roof of the house fell in, carrying the anarchists down amid the seething flames. Juse before the supports gave way one of the desperadoes attempted dash from the building, shooting in every direction. He met a volley from the soldiers and staggered back into the house, which was then a fiery furnace.

BANK LAW HELD VALID

U. S. Supreme Court Sustains Guaranty Measures.

Washington, Jan. 3.—The fight against the policy of the state guaranteeing bank deposits met with telling reverses today when the supreme court of the United States held constitutional the bank guaranty laws of Oklahoma, Nebraska and Kansas.

The supreme court of Oklahoma held that the law was constitutional. So did the circuit court of the United States district court of Kansas in passing on the Kansas law. The circuit court of the United States for the district of Nebraska, however, held that the Nebraska law was unconstitutional. All three cases were argued at the same time and the laws defended as a proper exercise of the police power of the State. Justice Holmes today announced the decision of the court affirming the Oklahoma and Kansas judgments but reversing the Nebraska court holding.

WOMAN TO BE HEALTH GUARD

Milwaukee Will Have Nurse on Duty in Factories.

Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 3.—Milwaukee will, within a few days, have the first petticoat "policeman," the new Socialist scheme for protecting the women workers of the city. Miss Edna Finch, a trained nurse, stood the highest in a competitive examination, and is expected to be appointed today. She will be on duty about factories, to make certain that sanitary conditions are correct.

WOMAN IS AIDE TO GOVERNOR

Tennessee Has Oddity Besides Republican Executive-Elect.

Nashville, Jan. 3.—Miss Lummie Davis, who has been appointed Governor Patterson's secretary, is probably the first woman in the United States to occupy this position. She may succeed to the same position as secretary to Governor-elect Hooper, the first Republican governor of Tennessee in over 30 years.

GUNS ARE SEIZED, PORTUGAL AFRAID

Madrid, Jan. 3.—A dispatch from Vigo says that the garrison at Valen-sa?do-Minho, Portugal, has been conca-do-Minho, Portugal, has been con-Lisbon and ordered to be ready to move at a moment's notice.

According to the Vigo dispatch the authorities at Moncao, a small town of Portugal, 28 miles north of Vigo, surprised and seized two automobiles loaded with rifles. This discovery was followed with the order to the commander of the garrison of Valenca-Do-Minho, a Portuguese town on the left bank of the river Minho, on the northwest frontier.

BABY BORN A WINNER

Comes Just at 12 and Gets a Scholarship.

New York, Jan. 3.—Thirty-six hours old and weighing eleven and a half pounds, Josephus Hymovitz yesterday was declared winner of the most exciting race ever conducted in New York. By a margin of nearly five minutes he beat 12 other babies in the Jewish Maternity hospital in a contest to see which baby would arrive in this world closest to the beginning of the new year.

The prize was a scholarship in any New York college when the baby should complete his high school work. The prize was offered by the ladies' auxiliary board of the hospital. When the scholarship was agreed upon eight men were informed that it seemed possible that the prize might come to any one of them. Some of the expectant fathers arrived early in the afternoon. At 2 o'clock one of the men waiting was informed that probably he had lost the prize. But nevertheless he was the object of congratulations.

"Boy or girl?" was asked.

"Both. It's twins," announced Miss Silliman, a nurse.

"Hurray! What do I care about a prize! My boys will go to work early and be business men," cried the father.

More Twins.

Three other men were informed that they were the fathers of twins as the hours passed, and the excitement grew. At 10:58 o'clock another father received the anxiously awaited news, "a girl."

"Only one?" he queried, doubtfully.

"Just one this time."

"We-e-ll, anyhow, it won't be so expensive," he replied cheerfully.

The other fathers gathered about to congratulate the man upon the fact that he must have won the prize if he had no twins. The merrymaking still was in progress when the clock in the office was striking midnight. The girl seemed a sure winner, but less than two minutes elapsed before one of the younger doctors attached to the hospital staff came running to the office and announced:

"Mrs. Rebeccah Hymovitz became the mother of a fine boy just as the clock registered 12."

"I win! I win!" shouted Hymovitz. "Come on!"

"I never heard of anything like it," said Miss Silliman. "Four sets of twins within 12 hours and a baby born five minutes before midnight, one on the stroke of 12 and one five minutes later. But it is all so and we had a great time."

OLD SONG ALLAYS HIS ANGER

Police Sergeant Soothes Aged Husband Whose Bride Had Fled.

Trenton, Jan. 3.—A verse from an old song, sung by Desk Sergeant McGown, was all that could calm William Lampy, 68 years of age, a veteran of the civil war, whose bride of a year, a young woman not yet 30, has disappeared, and who, the old man declares, has eloped with a younger man than he.

He appealed to the police today to apprehend her and became so infuriated at her hasty departure that he shouted: "I'll kill them both if I can get my hands on them." Sergeant McGowan endeavored to pacify him and advised him not to worry, but to let the woman go away and stay away. This scheme did not work, so the policeman, who is well along in years, too, repeated this refrain:

Never spoil the marriage,
Let the wind blow high or low,
For I can do without her,
So, hang it, let her go.

Lampy evidently thought the words about right, for he announced that he would not bother further about it. He had been married only a year, having worked for a long time to gather enough money.

TALKS FARM PROBLEMS

Cummins Sees Three Affecting U. S. Welfare.

Ames, Ia., Dec. 3.—In an address to 600 students of the Iowa state college here last night, Senator Cummins spoke on some of the important rural questions of the day. There are three questions, he said, upon which depend the welfare and perpetuity of the good institutions. These are:

First, how can we increase the quantity and improve the quality of agricultural products, lessening the cost to the consumer, without reducing the profits of the producer?

Second, how can we interrupt the tendency of the people to gather in great cities?

Third, how can we regulate and control the great wealth usually manifest in the form of corporations, so that the wealth, with its power and selfishness, shall not take more than its just share of the profits of toil?

Special Education Needed.

The senator emphasized the need for good roads. He said country educational facilities must be made equal to those of the cities. To do this consolidation is necessary. Boys and girls should be educated with special reference to the work they will have to do.

It is common nowadays to sneer at politics, said the senator. Politics is only the associated efforts of the people, and in no other way, he said, can needed reform be obtained.

Greatest Duty of Citizens.

"The greatest duty of citizens," the senator continued, "is to see to it that public affairs is to do for the individual what he cannot do for himself. The wealth of the American people is $200,000,000,000. This has become concentrated in the hands of a few. If the hand of the people as a whole is not laid upon those aggregations of wealth we will eventually be forced to take just what they are willing we should have.

"Regulation is not advancing one-tenth as fast as combinations. I believe that the only way regulation can be accomplished is to preserve fair competition. The work of regulating competition can be done by no agencies but the government itself."

48 Million Shortage

Government statistics show there were 48,000,000 bushels less of potatoes grown in the United States last year than in 1909. This with increasing population must necessarily make a larger demand for potatoes in 1911. No crop as a

Money Maker

equals it, and the information showing how to grow for profit will be mailed **absolutely free** to any one asking for it. Our new book has devoted over fifty years to the study of potato culture; and the manufacture of machinery for handling the crop in all stages.

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ALASKA CLAIMS FRAUD

Gifford Pinchot, in Brief Submitted to Taft, Declares Cunningham Land Plan a Swindle.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 1.—Denouncing the famous Cunningham Alaska coal claims as an attempt to swindle the government and declaring that the record in the case "abundantly proves that the claims are illegal and that from the beginning the claimants have conspired to defraud the government," Gifford Pinchot and his brother, Amos Pinchot, have called upon President Taft to cancel the claims immediately.

The matter is submitted to the President in the form of a brief which goes over the entire Cunningham case and which makes definite charges relative to the acquirement of the claims by the men who are alleged to be members of an association to get a monopoly of the coal business in Alaska.

The Pinchot brief, in part, follows:

Effort to Secure Monopoly.

The evidence in this case goes much farther than to establish the fraud of attempting by subterfuge to acquire from the government more coal land than the law allows. It shows that from the beginning the claimants acted with the definite and sustained intention of defeating the primary purpose and essential spirit of the law—the spirit and purpose to prevent monopoly and secure competitive development of the Nation's resources.

The law under which patents to these claims are asked is defective in that it contains no provisions to prevent combination and monopoly after titles are secured from the government. This fact makes it even more imperative to enforce strictly the provisions forbidding agreements to combine made before patents are issued. Only thus can monopoly be prevented.

Strategic Position of Claims.

The Cunningham coal claims cover a nearly rectangular area running about four miles east and west, by two miles north and south. Their value has been conservatively estimated at $25,000,000. * * * That the Cunningham claimants, if they secure patents, will be in position to establish, in conjunction with J. P. Morgan & Co. and the Guggenheim Exploration Co., a virtual monopoly of coal production in Alaska, is clear from a consideration of actual conditions as they exist in Alaska.

Control Assured.

Every consideration and each circumstance in the Alaska situation today points irresistibly to this fact; that if the Cunningham claimants get their patents they will not be troubled by competition in coal for years to come. Even without the assistance of the Morgan and Guggenheim interests, they would occupy a position of commanding strength. With the cooperation of the syndicate which controls transportation they would have nothing to fear even if other groups of coal claimants should get patents in the future.

Result of Monopoly in Alaska.

Today, the people of Alaska are paying from $12 to $14 a ton for coal inferior to that in the Cuningham claims. The United States navy in the North Pacific is paying about $7 a ton for coal imported from the East. At San Francisco, the average price of good steam coal is over $5 a ton.

Mr. Hawkins, the expert of the Cuningham claimants, who estimated only on the central portion of their claims, reported finding over 60,000,000 tons net (after deducting the usual one-third for loss in mining) of high grade merchantable coal, which can be delivered at tidewater in amounts of 1,000 tons a day, at a cost of $1.50 per ton. No coal produced on the Pacific equals the coal on the Cunningham claims.

Mr. Brooks, of the Geological Survey, estimates that the saving in freight to the United States navy would be about half a million dollars annually. But if the claims fall into the hands of the monopoly planned by the claimants, the price of coal can undoubtedly be kept at such a figure that the benefit to the people will be comparatively small, and practically the whole advantage from the sale and development of these public coal lands will go into the pockets of the syndicate.

The Claimants Not Pioneers.

It must not be imagined that in cancelling the claims in the Cunningham group the government would work an injustice to the pioneers who have braved the hardships and dangers of Alaska. Contrary to the popular impression, the Cunningham claimants are not pioneers at all. They are a group of wealthy, hard-headed men of affairs, representing chiefly the great corporate interests of the northwestern states, most of whom have never set foot in Alaska. The hardy pioneers who discovered and located the Cunningham claims were bought by Clarence Cunningham in 1903, at about $300 a claim, or $1.88 an acre. The Cunningham claimants are men in very different circumstances. Their ranks were recruited by Clarence Cunningham generally from among the presidents, vice presidents and directors of banks, insurance companies and commercial institutions of the northwest.

The Issue of Fact.

The issue of fact in this case is simple.

The government contends that all the Cunningham entries were made for a single association, and that they were recorded in separate names merely as a device to evade the law.

The claimants contend that each entered his claim entirely for his own use and benefit, and that no one of them has any interest in any claim except his own.

The case for the government is supported by five main lines of evidence, which, briefly stated, are as follows:

First, the history of the operations of the Cunningham entrymen in Alaska, as derived from their own records and statements, shows that from beginning to end they were all members of a single association engaged in acquiring a joint property, and that the claimants never owned these claims separately.

"Dummy Locations."

These claims were recorded in the local land office, 10 in the names of the subscribers, and 12 in the names of "dummies." During the next year the number of associates was gradually increased to 27. Each new subscriber paid into the joint fund an initial fee slightly in excess of the total payments of each old subscriber.

When the 33 locations were entered under the act of 1904, some of them lay entirely outside the area covered by the original 22 claims acquired from the squatters. If the subscribers had been interested each in his own claim alone, those who held claims outside the area of the squatter claims would have had no interest in purchasing the squatters' rights, as they would have received no benefit from them. Yet we find **that all of the 33 claimants have** shared equally in the cost of buying the 22 claims from the squatters.

Second: The Book of accounts of the Cunningham group and the reports made by its agents are all evidently based on the assumption that all the claims are one property owned by one association.

The Cunningham Journal.

There is in evidence the journal in which Cunningham kept his accounts of the joint fund contributed by all the entrymen. He was custodian of this fund and from it all expenses were paid. At the beginning, under date of February, 1903, Cunningham recorded the terms of an agreement whereby each subscriber to the joint fund "shall have one claim of 160 acres recorded in his name and will own same individually until such time as title can be secured for same," when each "agrees to deed his interest to a company to be formed for the purpose of developing and marketing the coal. Then follows a list of 23 subscribers who have paid in accordance with such agreement.

What Expert Says.

The roport of an expert sent to the field by the claimants shows that he considered the claims as one property, estimated their value as one property, elaborated a plan for operating them as one property, suggested what claims in a neighboring group were worth acquiring to increase the value of the property, and gave no specific information concerning ony individual claim. The report was read by the claimants with satisfaction and they promptly made additional payments to the joint fund.

Third: From first to last, the subscribers took no interest whatever in the situation or value of the particular claims entered in their respective names. They cared only for the value of the claims as a whole.

No Choosing of Claims.

In authorizing Cunningham to locate a claim in his name, only one out of the 33 claimants look at a map or inquired where his claim would lie. That solitary exception took the pains to choose a good location only because a lawyer whom he consulted was doubtful whether an agreement to combine after titles were secured would be legal.

Fourth: Within the shortest practicable time after final certificates were issued (whereupon it became legal to combine, provided there had been no prior agreement) the Cunningham associates took steps to turn over their claims to a corporation on a basis of equal shares, although they knew that their claims were of unequal value.

Fifth: More than half of the claimants have admitted in affidavits that they had always acted with a mutual understnding that they would combine their claims after titles were secured, and one so confessed at the hearing.

Agreement Is Confessed.

Ex-Governor Miles C. Moore, one of the leaders of the group, added to his corroborative affidavit the following:

"There has been a tacit understanding among the claimants represented by Clarence Cunningham that when title was perfected a company would be formed to develop the claims * * *"

It must be said in justice to the claimants that some of them may have gone into the Alaskan enterprise in total ignorance of the law. That the majority of the claimants, however, were from the beginning constantly engaged in a conspiracy to acquire more land for their association than the law allows is clearly shown by the evidence in this case.

Claimants Try to Clear Record.

At this time the former land commissioner, R. A. Ballinger, of Seattle, became counsel to the claimants. He drew up for Cunningham an affidavit stating in effect that Cunningham's entry in his journal about the agreement to form a company was true when he made it; that the claimants believed at the time that such an agreement was lawful, but that later the agreement "was entirely abandoned;" that when Cunningham relocated the claims in 1904 there was no understanding or agreement; and "there had never been any understanding or agreement since;" that the admissions in the too-candid affidavit of March 6, to the effect that there had been an understanding to form a company, required explanation; and because "no combination or joint interest by way of corporate interests or otherwise was contemplated."

Ballinger Goes in Person.

In behalf of the claimants Mr. Ballinger took this affidavit in person to the secretary of the interior, Mr. Garfield, who forwarded it to the land office. There it was read by H. H. Schwartz, chief of field service, who said of it in his letter of September 23 to Land Commissioners Dennett: "I have considered carefully the attached affidavit of Clarence Cunningham. It is ingenious but unconvincing, although the showing ex parte and made after several weeks of very careful consideration by Cunningham and his attorney."

Ballinger Is Turned Down.

Mr. Ballinger was promptly informed by the secretary of the interior that patents would not be granted. While he was in the east, Mr. Ballinger protested to the land commissioner against the use of the Cunningham journal as evidence against the claimants.

We believe that the duty of the executive in regard to the Cunningham claims is obvious and immediate. The record in our judgment abundantly proves that the claims are illegal and that from the beginning the claimants have conspired to defraud the government. No resort to a court or a rehearing of the case is necessary to secure justice and protect the people's property. The case against the claimants is already conclusive. The claims should be canceled by the President forthwith.

Whole Case Never Presented.

In spite of the clearness of the existing proof, we believe it to be our public duty to point out that the whole of the case against the claimants has not been presented.

Early in 1907 the Cunningham claimants decided to make final entry or "prove up" their claims, that is to say, to pay their $10 per acre to the government and obtain their final certificates, which would give them a sufficient title to the claims to make it legal for them to carry out their plan and turn their claims over to a company provided their had been no illegal prior agreement.

Had to Swear to It.

When the claimants thus decided to make final entry or "prove up" it became necessary for each of them to swear that the entries were made solely in his own interest, and that there was no agreement to combine the holdings or to turn them over to a company. An affidavit was accordingly prepared and sent to the various claimants by H. K. Love, a special agent, who is shown by the record to have been on friendly and even intimate terms with Cunningham. This affidavit contained the following statement:

"That said location was made for the sole use and benefit of the affiant, and has ever since so remained his, and in his exclusive control; that at no time prior to location or at such time, or since, has affiant entered into any agreement, expressed or implied, by which the title to said land, or any part thereof, or any interest therein, is to pass to any other person or association whatsoever; that in event said claim goes to entry in the United States land office at Juneau, Alaska, and the receiver's receipt for the purchase price issues, he will not be under any contract or obligation to sell or convey said tract to any person (s) or persons or association, or to put the same into any company or joint holding for any purpose, or to otherwise dispose of same, and that when land is patented he (but) will be free in every way to hold said tract, to lease or sell it at any future time."

"Good Church Members."

The effect that this request of Love's to sign an affidavit utterly at variance with the facts made upon the minds of some of the claimants is forcibly demonstrated in the record, for it appears that they first tried to modify it by erasing the statement that there had been no agreement, expressed or implied, or any obligation to part with their claims to a company when patent was secured, and inserted statements more in accord with the truth. In a contemporaneous letter to Special Agent H. K. Love, Cunningham comments upon these pencil erasures and interlineations as follows:

"Since writing the above I saw for the first time the pencil scratches, interlineations, etc., contained in my affidavit. I don't know much about them, but imagine it was done when in company with Mr. Smith and Mr. Henry. We tried to frame up something that might be less objectionable to good church members, but finally decided there was nothing in it we could not sign, so let it go as it was"

The Cunningham case is of enormous importance. It will decide whether many millions of dollars' worth of coal lands (one of the richest deposits of semi-bituminous coal on the North American continent) shall be held in trust for the people or pass forever to claimants charged with fraud, under conditions which make monopoly an imminent probability.

Nine New Telegraph Tricks.

Nine new telegraph tricks were established by the Toledo & Ohio Central, between Toledo and Berwick, when the Big Four began operating its freight trains over the O. C. Sunday. A telegraph office was opened at the Y at Berwick, while Hatton, Woodside and Stony Ridge were made day and night offices, requiring two additional men in each.

FINES FOR BUCKETSHOPPERS

Men Caught in U. S. Net Promise to Stay Out of Business.

Washington, Jan. 3.—Fines aggregating $8,100 were imposed upon six New Yorkers today in the supreme court of the District of Columbia after pleas of guilty had been entered by them to the charge of conspiracy to violate the law against conducting bucket-shops in the District of Columbia. Jail sentences of two years each were imposed upon three of the men, Richard E. Preusser, Leo Mayer and George Turner, but sentences were suspended on condition that they do not again engage in the business. The fines were paid promptly. E. S. Boggs, O. J. Robinson and Humphrey Owen were the other three men fined.

The six men were indicted on April 1 last by the grand jury following a crusade against bucket-shops instituted by the department of justice.

2 NEW JUSTICES TAKE OATH

Judges Van Devanter and Lamar Now on Supreme Bench.

Washington, Jan. 3.—The two vacancies on the bench of the supreme court of the United States were filled today when Judge Willis Van Devanter, of Wyoming, and Judge Joseph R. Lamar, of Georgia, each took the oath of office as associate justice and began immediately the performance of the duties of that position. For the first time in 19 months the bench was complete.

The ceremones attending the elevation of the two judges to the supreme court bench were, as usual, simple throughout. Chief Justice White administered to each the oath of allegiance.

$250,000 FIRE IN N. Y. TOWN

Granville's Business Section Destroyed—Water Supply Low.

Troy, N. Y., Jan. 3.—The entire business portion and part of the residential section of Granville, Washington county, was swept by fire early today and a conservative estimate places the loss at 250,000. The fire was discovered shortly after midnight, in a clothing store on Main street conducted by Barney Yankowitz.

Miss Beth Nealon, the night operator in the Hudson river telephone exchange, called up the chief of the fire department by telephone and an alarm was sent in.

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